The Nation.

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The Week.

IT is now, as we write, the 25th of January, and the second session of the Fifty-second Congress is more than half over. Practically nothing has been accomplished during the eight weeks since the Senators and Representatives met, and nothing more than the passage of the regular appropriation bills is expected during the five weeks that remain before the 4th of March. No important action on any great question of public policy is longer anticipated by anybody. The reason nothing will be done is because we still maintain an absurd system by which a Congress does not meet for its first session until more than a year after its election, and meets for its second session after the election of its successor. The result is, that during the second session there is an entire absence of a sense of responsibility to the people when, as is now the case, the election has gone against the party which was in control of the Government. Overwhelming as was the defeat of the Republicans last November, they still control, and will control until the 4th of March, the Presidency and the upper branch of Congress. Consequently no measure advocated by the successful party can become a law if it is not approved by the beaten party. The Republicans are practically unanimous in refusing to allow the will of the people regarding the McKinley Law to be executed during this session. While they are not so unanimous as to the silver issue, it is obvious that the majority of them do not mean to have the Sherman Silver Law repealed this winter.

The story has got abroad that the Silver-Purchase Act is doomed. It is believed not only in Europe, but in Asia, that America will soon stop buying silver. As a consequence, our securities have begun to advance both there and here, and India has begun to agitate the silver question more than ever. A committee of the India Council, of which Lord Herschell is Chairman, is holding almost daily sittings and taking testimony from every quarter, and is apparently as far as ever from reaching any decision. The cultivators of the soil in India have begun to make themselves heard, and they are, as might be expected, opposed to any change in the monetary standard. Their taxes are payable in rupees, and they have been gaining in this particular while the rupee has been falling. Their produce is sold for gold and their rents are payable in silver. The loss falls on the Government, and on the Government's creditors, in so far as the claims of the latter are payable in rupees. The cultivators say that they are the people of India—that the Government's creditors are mostly Europeans who have no permanent residence there, or middlemen and dwellers in cities, who are only an imperceptible part of the population. They say also that any step which should amount to a change of the standard of value would demonetize more silver in the form of ornaments than in the form of coin; that the country people have always been in the habit of putting their surplus in this form, knowing that it could be turned into money at any time. To take away this right, they say, would be an act of injustice. At all events, the common people would never be able to understand the reasons for it. Hence very grave consequences of a political nature might be apprehended. The silver party in India contend that nothing can be done but to stand and take the consequences, even if America stops its silver purchases altogether. It is plain that our purchases and accumulations are driving all civilized countries by sheer terror to the single gold standard. We have pushed Rumania and Austria there, and it is not doubted that when Russia resumes specie payments, she will do so on a gold basis. No country wishes to be caught with a large amount of the white metal when the United States stops buying. The longer we continue to buy, the worse will be our own condition as well as that of our neighbors.

President Andrews of Brown University, delegate to the Brussels Conference, spoke at a public dinner in Boston last week. His words were very cheering to bimetallists. He predicted the early adoption of the silver basis by the nations of Europe. He thought it most likely that Austria would take it up first—as soon as she gets fairly rid of it—and Italy next, she having got rid of it ten years ago. Then France, Germany, and Great Britain would come along in due order. These countries got rid of it in 1874, 1871, and 1816 respectively. The United States, Mr. Andrews thought, would be the last to come in, but the United States might hasten the steps of the other laggards by stopping the purchase of silver bullion. We had been doing the difficult work of holding up the price of silver for the benefit of Europe, and had received no benefit ourselves. The American delegates to the Brussels Conference were fully persuaded of this fact. These views as to the early triumph of bimetallism must be the peculiar possession of Mr. Andrews. The suggestion that the United States should stop buying silver in order to bring Europe to her senses is, however, very acceptable. Opinions may differ as to the effect of such a policy on Europe, but there can be no doubt as to its effect on the United States. It would remove the only drag on the nation's prosperity, the only cloud on the financial horizon. The relief to business interests would be so great that, after six months, there would be no silver party in the United States. Probably even Mr. Andrews would see things more clearly than he does now.

The election of a regular Democrat as United States Senator from California gives that party three of the four seats which it needed to gain in order to control the upper branch of Congress, with the help of Vice-President Stevenson's casting vote; New York and Wisconsin furnishing the other two. A single more Democrat is all that is now needed, and Wyoming seems pretty sure to furnish him, with a fair chance of another from Montana, and possibilities of a third from Kansas. In any event, it is now certain that the Republicans will not control the Senate, for Mr. Stewart, who will come back from Nevada, can no longer be counted as a member of that party.

Tammany has succeeded in its purpose of retaining its grip upon the Quarantine at New York at the expense of the health of the entire country and at the cost also of the success of the World's Fair. The bill which the House passed on Monday is nothing more nor less than a Jenkins bill, and is mere waste paper, so far as making any real change in the control of Quarantine is concerned. It leaves Jenkins supreme at the port of New York; and national quarantine at all other ports than that of New York would be an absurdity. As the matter stands now at Washington each house has passed a bill of its own and the two are totally irreconcilable. The Senate bill, which was passed by a unanimous vote, placed the control of quarantine partly in the hands of State officials and partly in the hands of the national Government, but the national Government was given full authority to overrule and supplant State officials at any port whenever, in its judgment, the conduct of the latter was inefficient or unsatisfactory. The House has refused to pass this bill, and has passed instead one which leaves the State officials in complete control, and stipulates that none of the powers which it confers upon the national Government "shall be construed to warrant a Federal official in relaxing State rules." This is, as we have said, nothing less than a Jenkins bill, and it would make matters no better than they are at present to pass it.

Congressman Fellows has introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of a great many things connected with the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal, the most important and pertinent being

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an inquiry as to the disposition of the $2,400,000 which the Paris investigation shows was spent in this country. It is Col. Fellows's opinion, apparently, that this money was spent in suppressing the Monroe Doctrine, or the usual proclamation and assertion of the same at the seat of the United States Government. This is our opinion also. Our curiosity on this point is no less than that of Col. Fellows. We should like very much to know the names of the patriots who allowed their ardor for the Monroe Doctrine to be chilled by contact with the francs and centimes collected from the chambermaids and garçons and small cultivators of our sister republic. We hope that Col. Fellows will pursue this inquiry fearlessly. Let us know who were the betrayers of the Monroe Doctrine. Col. Fellows has shown his usual discernment by plunging at the very core of the problem. He wants to know whether this Monroe Ddoctrine is infringed by the carrying of foreign goods across the Isthmus of Panama in pursuance of a contract made with some other steamship company than our own Pacific Mail. That inquiry is all right, because it leads up to the profounder question, What is the Monroe Doctrine? And this leads up to the question, Who were the betrayers of that doctrine and how much did they get?

Judge Nelson of the United States District Court for Minnesota has declared the Chinese Exclusion Act of May 5, 1892, unconstitutional. We suppose that the case will be carried to the Supreme Court on appeal, and that an authoritative judgment will finally be rendered by that tribunal. The act requires all Chinese laborers in this country to take out certificates of residence within one year, and provides for the deportation of all who refuse to comply with the requirement within that time. Hardly any cases, however, have been reported where the law has been obeyed, and it is not improbable that the Supreme Court will sustain Judge Nelson's view that Congress had no constitutional power to pass such an act.

Mr. Cleveland showed a characteristic appreciation of the proprieties in making a tedious midwinter journey to attend the funeral of the late ex-President Hayes. The attempt, renewed since his death, to criticise Mr. Hayes for having discharged the duties of the Presidency after he was declared to have been elected, is absurd and unjust. There was nothing else in the world for a man in his place to do. Even if he had believed that Mr. Tilden was entitled to the office, he was powerless to give it to him, since his own refusal to serve would only have put the Republican candidate for Vice-President in the White House. Having simply done his duty in discharging the duties of the Presidency when the office had been duly awarded him, it was right that there should be paid to his memory all of the conventional tributes appropriate on the death of a former President.

Mr. Cleveland is rendering a great service to the community by refusing to submit to the tyranny of the newspapers as exerted through the reporters. This seems a strange thing to say, considering that his resistance consists simply in refusing to allow reporters to stand in the hall of his private house, to watch his doings and those of his family, and in refusing to give information at the door about his visitors and their comings and goings. He insists on his right to privacy, and on protecting his home against the invasion of speculators in the kind of gossip called "news" by some of our contemporaries. He is all the better fitted for this kind of public service, too, by the fact that probably no man in the country has suffered so much from journalistic barbarity as he has. A swarm of reporters followed him into the country on his wedding trip, and encamped in tents or lay concealed in the bushes, armed with field-glasses, around the house in which he passed his honeymoon, like African savages around the lair of a wild beast. It was one of the most shocking incidents in American history. Nothing has happened within the last hundred years, either in war or in peace, so likely to give strangers a low idea of our civilization. He was pursued in the same way into the Adirondacks when he had a cottage there in his vacation during his Presidency. The tormentors lay in wait for him and his wife in the surrounding woods, like the Iroquois or Pequots in the last century. They have dug up the hatchet against him again, now that he has been reëlected and become once more a public man.

Senator Saxton has introduced a bill amending the Corrupt Practices Chapter of the Penal Code in several important directions. The sections forbidding undue influence of all kinds for the purpose of inducing any person either to vote or to refrain from voting, are extended so as to include the offence of bribing voters to refrain from registering. Any one offering inducement of any kind to keep another's name off the registration list is pronounced guilty of an infamous crime, punishable by imprisonment for not less than three months nor more than one year, and in addition forfeits any office to which he may have been elected at the election with reference to which the offence was committed, and becomes incapable of holding any public office under the Constitution and laws of this State for a period of five years after conviction. All this penalty, except disqualification for office, is inflicted under the law at present for all persons found guilty of bribery or undue influence of any kind. In adding disqualification for office Mr. Saxton imitates one of the most effective features of the English Corrupt Practices Act. His amendment makes the increased penalty apply to all cases of undue influence, including that of inducement to refrain from registering. The old penalty of imprisonment remains for voters who accept such inducement.

The New York Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of the lower court convicting James Hughes, a typical "Labor" leader, of the crime of extortion, and sentencing him to a year in the penitentiary. Hughes was Master Workman of the Cutters' and Trimmers' Branch of the Knights of Labor, and took $1,000 from a firm of clothing-dealers in Rochester, as he said, for defraying the expenses of raising a boycott which had been declared against the firm on account of a dispute between the firm and its employees regarding the apprenticeship question. It was established that he devised and put into operation a scheme for destroying the business of this firm, "because they did not at once obey his commands in respect to the number of apprentices they should employ; and when they submitted to his dictation and apologized for seeking to do their own business in their own way instead of his, extorted money from the firm as the price of forgiveness"—a proceeding which he called "soaking" the manufacturer. It is a great gain to have such a criminal convicted by a jury, and then to have its verdict sustained by the highest court.

The tide of immigration to this country set in so strong during the early part of 1892 as to promise a larger flood for the twelve months than during 1891, which latter year had never been exceeded save in the phenomenal period of 1881, 1882, and 1883. During the first six months of last year the arrivals at our ports aggregated 353,961, against 325,307 in the same period of 1891, and the last six months seemed likely to show a corresponding gain. But the cholera scare and the embargo policy adopted a few weeks later changed the situation completely. During September the arrivals at this port numbered only 21,824, against 41,954 in September of 1891; and though there has been a partial recovery during the last quarter, the total for the second half of the year was nearly a third less than in the second half of 1891. For the whole year 1892 the immigrants numbered 543,487, while during 1891 there were 590,666. There was a falling off of about a tenth from the United Kingdom and Italy, a still greater one in the case of Russia (from 73,177 to 52,267) and Poland (from 31,285 to 26,889), a slight gain from Sweden and Norway, a trifling reduction in the German contingent, and unimportant changes in most other countries.

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Mr. E. R. L. Gould of the Department of Labor, and Resident Lecturer at Johns Hopkins University, has just brought out a pamphlet of considerable value called "The Social Condition of Labor." It is based upon investigations which Congress, in 1888, ordered Commissioner Wright to make into the comparative cost of producing certain tariffed articles in this country and Europe, and the comparative cost and scale of living of American and European workingmen. The figures thus far tabulated relate only to the industries connected with the production of coal, iron, and steel, and Mr. Gould's pamphlet is a convenient summary and interpretation of the mass of statistics given in the bulky volume published by the Government. Absolute precision cannot be claimed for the results. The investigation in Europe was much hampered, and the returns finally secured are not as full or as representative as is desirable. All the American manufacturers of steel rails, with a single exception, refuse to state their cost of production. Yet pretty full information was obtained from 454 American and 164 European establishments in this group of industries, while 2,490 "budgets" of American and 770 of European workingmen were secured and the wages of several thousand of laborers tabulated. From the data thus gathered certain general inferences can be drawn, even if they are not accurate in all details.

One inference of great economic interest is the same as that previously established by the preliminary report of Commissioner Wright and the investigations of Mr. Schoenhof—that, though the rate of wages is higher in the United States, "the labor cost of manufacture is not correspondingly greater." Another important point is, that the income per family in Europe is not so much less than in America as is the income per workingman. His low wages are supplemented by the earnings of the other members of his family, which are relatively higher in Europe than in the United States. "Hence it is quite false to say," observes Mr. Gould, "as political 'pauper labor' conjurers are so fond of doing, that low wages to the husband must necessarily mean a correspondingly low standard of life to the family." Of great significance for the present discussion of the "degradation" of American labor by immigration are the figures showing how rapidly the foreign laborer rises to the wages and the standard of living of the native. Workingmen of British and German origin actually earn more in this country than those of American birth; and the other nationalities, even the Poles, Italians, and Bohemians, are swiftly closing up the gap. Mr. Gould's main objection to the latter classes is that they save too much of their wages, and "esteem economy more highly than social betterment." Habits of saving, in fact, seem to be almost sinful in the eyes of this Johns Hopkins lecturer. He lays down the principle that "a parsimonious people are never progressive, neither are they, as a rule, industrially efficient." This puts him in line with the "making work" theories of labor agitators, and is an endorsement of the great Powderly's practice of always smashing his bottles so as not to take the bread out of the mouth of the honest glassblower.

The death of Phillips Brooks strikes down the greatest figure left to the American Church. He long ago rose above his own denomination, and made his large personality a part of broad and progressive Christianity everywhere. Men felt that the fact of his being an Episcopalian was a mere accident, and that his generous nature would have made its own sect, or, rather, absence of all sect, wherever he had found himself placed. Indeed, one may go further, and, echoing Sumner's cry that he was a man before he was a Commissioner, say that Phillips Brooks was a man before he was a clergyman. Certainly he could never have been the clergyman he was had he not been the man he was. It was prophesied by some who assented to his election as Bishop with reluctance, and by others who looked upon it with dismay, that his massive humanity would soon be trimmed down to fit the traditional proportions of the episcopal bench. But his term as Bishop of Massachusetts, all too short, was yet long enough to show the falsity of such predictions. What he had been as rector, preacher, lecturer, he continued to be as Bishop—a lover of truth and simplicity, a hater of shams and conventions. His personality and his fame will doubtless remain unique in the history of American Christianity. Not a great thinker, with no taste for theology, without the arts of popular eloquence or vulgar success, with not even a talent as an ecclesiastical organizer or administrator, he stood for years as the great exemplar of sterling manhood in the pulpit. He has left little to perpetuate his fame except the deep impress of his personality on many lives; but they will long make his memory fragrant, and he himself would surely have chosen that form of remembrance as his greatest reward.

That the Briggs case would be appealed to the General Assembly was plainly foreordained from the foundation of the world, and the great effort made, since his acquittal by the Presbytery, alike by conservatives and liberals, to hush the matter up just where it stands, only serves to show how serious is their fear that the unity of the denomination is imperilled by pushing the trial to the bitter end. Even the *Observer* has advised the prosecution to stay their hand, and all manner of influence was brought to bear upon them from other quarters to the same end. But their decision to go on with the case represents what is not only the undoubted wish of the Church as a whole, but also the only logical and practical thing to do. It is simply impossible that there can be any peace in the Presbyterian Church until its highest and final authority has decided whether a Presbyterian minister can hold the views of Prof. Briggs. There may not be peace then, but even division of the church would be less intolerable than would be a condition of things in which the denomination would be left without any clear test of orthodoxy or ministerial good faith.

The Khedive of Egypt, who is making the present trouble in that country, is a youth of nineteen who was taken from school last year in Vienna to succeed his father. The wonder is, therefore, that he has not before now got at loggerheads with his British guardians. All his natural surroundings—that is, the old Turco-Egyptian Mussulman aristocracy—are naturally hostile to the system of government which the English have introduced, namely, the system of equality before the law, pure justice, strict financial accountability, and stern military discipline. They formed, before the arrival of the English, a sort of Tammany Society for the whole country, which spoiled and larruped the taxpayers and divided the money among the members. They therefore hate British ascendancy, just as Croker and his "organization" would hate the rule of "business men" in this city. They have, of course, done what they can to prejudice the Khedive against the English occupation, and have been greatly helped by the French, who are playing a very childish part in the matter. They refused to join in the occupation of Egypt when invited to do so, and they were chagrined when England occupied it alone. They have been ever since trying to tease her into evacuation, though unable to deny the enormous benefit which English rule has conferred on the Egyptians, and unable to say what would or could take its place, or what would happen if it came to an end. Moreover, no better way of prolonging it could be devised than egging on the little Khedive into revolt, for England cannot of course withdraw under a threat of force from either him or France. M. Ribot put this very well in a speech on the foreign policy of his Government when he first took office, in which he said he had not used "a *mise en demeure*" (an ultimatum) against England, because France herself would not submit to such a threat. France is, in fact, in no position to use or threaten force in the matter. Germany always hangs over the French imagination as a cloud, and, in the event of a Franco-British collision in the Mediterranean, Italy would be almost certain to throw her weight in the scale, and a disaster to the French arms would be as fatal to the republic as it would be to a monarchy.

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TAMMANY APOLOGISTS.

THERE appeared on Sunday, in an unexpected quarter, the New York *Tribune*, one of those curious appeals to Tammany men to "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things," which every now and then make their appearance in the local press, and must hugely amuse "the organization." Says the writer:

> "Its leaders are not dull or foolish men; if they were, the power they now hold would not be in their hands. Some of them are substantial citizens who have property and extensive business interests; and private as well as public motives would naturally prompt them to do what they could to realize the magnificent possibilities of New York. If they only take large views, and look beyond the day and its passions and prejudices to the long future, they can make for themselves a name which will live, and for the city a measure of prosperity such as few imagine."

The notion that Tammany men thirst for glory and desire to make an impression on posterity by great public benefactions, well illustrates the hopeful, kindly side of the American character. Tammany men know all about it, and rely on it more than on anything else to keep them out of the hands of the police. Over and over again during the last twenty-five years, just as the long-suffering public was beginning to lose patience, a few respectable men have stepped forward and expressed the conviction that, bad as Tammany was, what it most needed was kindness and forbearance; that if people would only trust it, and rely on its better instincts, it would yet do great things for the city. One more trial, and "our word for it," etc., etc.

What these hopeful eulogists forget is, that although the leaders of Tammany change, the organization does not. Kelly may succeed Tweed, and Croker may succeed Kelly, in the chief command, and a swarm of "Mikes" may succeed a swarm of "Barneys" and "Jerrys" in the minor offices, but the nature and objects of the society and the nature of the bond which keeps it together do not change. It is still, as it was in Tweed's day, an association for the seizure and management of the public revenues of the city for the pecuniary benefit of the members. Why people suppose it to have other objects in view, we cannot imagine. It never makes any pretence of political aims, in the proper sense of the term, or of any devotion to architectural or other arts. If it were to set up to-morrow in good faith as an association for the improvement of municipal government, it would be disbanded before the next election. Nothing would kill it more effectively than to have the leaders respond to the *Tribune's* appeal to "take large views and look beyond the day and its passions and prejudices to the long future," and declare that they were going "to make for themselves a name which will live." It would fill the Boys with rage and disgust.

There could hardly be a better illustration of Tammany's frankness in dealing with the public than its action on the Quarantine Bill now before Congress. The country, outside of Tammany, is almost unanimous in its desire to have the Quarantine turned over to the Federal authorities. Boards of trade, chambers of commerce, medical societies, leading sanitarians are almost unanimous on this point. We have not seen a single argument against it, on either administrative or hygienic grounds, from any organ of intelligent public opinion. The Tammany delegates in Washington, however, fight the plan with intense bitterness, on the simple ground that the organization has the patronage at New York and wishes to keep it. Croker's brother-in-law, a young deputy coroner, gets $12,000 a year out of it and perquisites. They do not pretend that he is competent. They cannot pretend it seriously in the teeth of the Chamber of Commerce report on him. They do not argue about the danger to the public health, or to the Exposition, in case the present system is maintained. They answer very much as the English coal-miner answered the clergyman at the close of an open-air sermon: "What you say, sir, may be all true, but we don't care tuppence about it." Their business is to take care of the "organization." "The organization," as Croker said of "Mike" Daly, "approved of putting Jenkins there," and that's an end on 't. We cannot recall any other incident in the history of Tammany which reveals more clearly the selfish, anti-social, and purely commercial character of the society. It may therefore prove useful in opening the eyes of the Democratic party to the danger of acting under the domination of the organization in dealing with national concerns.

There is one other consideration which we should like to put clearly before the Tammany apologists of all parties. It is this: When you come forward, as you do every now and then, to declare, as the *Tribune* does on this occasion, that if Tammany would only give us "the cleanest and best streets, the most perfect wharfage system, the finest Police and Fire and Health Departments, the most beautiful parks, the most complete system of rapid transit, the most commodious and elegant public buildings known in any city on earth," you would forgive it everything, do you not ignore, much as the French did when they accepted Louis Napoleon, the existence of such a thing as a public conscience? That there is such a thing in a modern city containing 458 churches and synagogues, 141 public schools, and 147 banks, you will hardly deny. Society could not hold together, especially in a large city, without it. Well, if there be a public conscience, how can we accept these beautiful buildings, fine streets, and magnificent wharves at the hands of men who, to the best of our knowledge and belief, make a business of abusing a great public trust—that is, who systematically convert funds derived from the taxation of the poor to their personal use and behoof? Has the chief city of the Union, in the four-hundredth year of Columbus, come to such a pass that it has to depend for its monumental glories on a huge system of compounding with thieves? Did the Roman plebs ever sink lower than this? They surrendered their liberty to great soldiers and statesmen in return for the spoils of foreigners. But it is gravely proposed—we hear it every now and then—by our local moralists that we should surrender our liberty to our own thieves in return for a moderate restitution of our own goods.

Suppose this city were a hotel which the Big Four were conducting, under a private trust for the benefit of widows and orphans, and they were to pay the elevator man $8,000 a year, and the furnace man $5,000, and the hall boys $2,500, and they were to employ street rowdies as porters, and put the office in charge of discharged convicts, to make what they could out of it, and give a carouse every Saturday night to a huge party of gamblers and brothel-keepers, would you shut your eyes to these doings because they set a good table, and the rooms were made comfortable, and the furniture was gorgeous and in good repair? Of course you would not. You would say, "These men have no right to waste the property of the poor in this way. We do not care how splendid the hotel is. They are thieves, just the same, and must be ousted. We will not accept favors or place or commissions at their hands. We will not associate with them, or encourage them, or connive at them, or attend their banquets or orgies. Our one duty towards them as American citizens is to expel them from the trust. Their money is the money of the needy. To be liberal or efficient with part of it while they waste or appropriate the remainder is to add insult to injury."

In short, as *Harper's Weekly* remarked last week: "It is not by Tammany, nor through Tammany, nor with Tammany, it is only over Tammany that the way lies to any reform in the city government." Therefore the sooner we stop excusing it and being hopeful about it and giving it trumpet calls to glory and duty, the better for the city. The work of reform consists in exposing it, and in getting the anti-Tammany majority, which undoubtedly exists, to vote against it.

DIVORCE IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

BISHOP HARE of South Dakota is heading a movement for changes in the scandalous divorce laws of that State, and thereby adding to the list of public services associated with his name. We call those laws scandalous, though in some respects they are more commendable than the divorce legislation of other States. For example, the grounds for divorce defined in the statute are only six, and none of them trivial, and there is no mischievous clause, as in some others, allowing divorce to be granted in "the discretion of the judge."

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But some of the provisions are wide open to the grossest abuse, and many of the actions for divorce brought within the past two years have been a travesty not only on justice but on decency.

The law requires but ninety days' residence in order to gain the right to sue for divorce in South Dakota. No other State or Territory allows so short a period; six months being the lowest limit elsewhere, and from one to five years being the rule. Moreover, the courts have held that a man may comply with the statutory requirement, and be "in good faith a resident of the State," by simply staying at a hotel as a transient guest, impatiently waiting for his decree of divorce in order to take the first train home again. Then, too, absolute service of summons on a respondent is not required, publication in a South Dakota newspaper being held to be certain to fall under the eye of an accused wife or husband living in Florida or Maine. And the action, once begun, may be hurried to a conclusion in a little more than two months.

One does not need to take a high view of the sacredness of marriage, or a low view of divorce, to pronounce all this demoralizing and shocking. Some 400 suits for divorce were begun in South Dakota in 1892, and large numbers of them were instituted by people who sought out the land of divorce made easy for that express and single purpose. Many cases of flaunting shame are recorded—rich profligates consorting openly with the women whom they are to marry as soon as the decree of the court makes them free to do so, scattering money with lavish hand in the shops of jewellers and florists, and even endowing local charities, enriching hotel proprietors and unscrupulous lawyers. Even when matters are not so outrageous as that, the breaking up of the whole idea of the family, and of the most ordinary notions of decency in human intercourse, is often most disastrous. Where, out of savagery, could such sights be witnessed as are said to be common in Sioux Falls hotels, where a divorced husband may be seen introducing his new wife to his old one, who, in her turn, presents her new husband, while the bewildered children involved in this scandalous mixture wander about in disconsolate uncertainty as to their identity and relationships? This is the very chaos of marriage, and it is no wonder that the respectable citizens of South Dakota are moving against such demoralizing exhibitions in self-defence. Their own homes are imperilled by the very presence of these destroyers of the home.

Not the least painful feature of the whole business is the jocular treatment of the scandal in the newspapers. We are told of the jealousy of Chicago at seeing her great divorce industry transferred to Sioux Falls, of Dakota "boom" literature ranking the facilities for divorce alongside those for the growth of wheat, with much more of what a news association that offers to write for editors when they are ill or on a holiday, calls "satirically humorous" writing. This is as much like the crackling of thorns under a pot as is the laughter of French journalistic jokers over the hideous Panama corruption. The South Dakota Legislature ought to understand that Bishop Hare and those working with him speak for the whole country when they cry out against these laws that encourage what is practically polygamy. One thing is certain, that if any State continues to glory in the shame of such divorce laws, so administered, the movement for Federal legislation on the subject, to take the whole affair out of its hands, will speedily grow irresistible.

Such a movement has already gained considerable headway. The New England Divorce-Reform League, organized in 1881, became a National League in 1885. Under its prompting, Congress directed the Commissioner of Labor to collect the statistics of marriage and divorce throughout the whole country. This was a long step towards uniform if not national legislation on the subject, and it seems certain to be followed by others. The loose statutes of a few States continually nullify the more stringent legislation of others. How intolerable it is that citizens of New York, for example, should be able to set the laws to which they are subject at defiance, by temporarily removing to another State. If the various States do not amicably agree to put a stop to such practices by harmonizing their divorce laws, the need of a constitutional amendment, such as was proposed by Senator Dolph and Congressman Springer in the Forty-ninth Congress, putting the whole matter in the hands of Congress, will become imperative.

Meanwhile Bishop Hare and his fellow-petitioners deserve every encouragement in their efforts to get the South Dakota Legislature to repeal the worst features of the existing divorce laws. They are moderate in their demands. They do not seek to embody the church idea of marriage in civil legislation, but ask only that the period of residence required of a suitor be extended, and the residence made bona-fide; that personal summons on a respondent be made essential, and that the process, once in court, be marked by a suitable deliberation. In other words, they simply petition the Legislature to give the State—what it now sorely lacks—a reputation for ordinary decency in its divorce laws.

THE EGYPTIAN COUP D'ÉTAT.

THE *coup d'état* of the English in Egypt, by which the Khedive was given twenty-four hours to dismiss his new anti-British Ministry, is mainly interesting as a full revelation of the policy of the Gladstone Ministry touching the Egyptian occupation. Nobody denies that the British Government, when Egypt was occupied, and since then, made pledges which, if faithfully fulfilled, would, by this time, have led to the evacuation of the country. What the supporters of the occupation say is, that the British Government, when they made these pledges, were deceived as to the nature of the task which they had undertaken. They supposed that all they had to do was to overthrow the rebellion of Arabi and set the Khedive on his legs, and put the governmental machine once more in working order. They found, after taking possession of the country, that the governmental machine was utterly rotten, and could not be put into working order, and, what was more serious, that the revolt in the Sudan had not only taken from Egypt an immense province, but had created on her southern frontier an enemy with whom she could not cope, and by whom, if left to herself, she would probably be speedily overrun.

The task which devolved, therefore, on the British was not simply the creation of a new administrative system and the reform of taxation, but the creation of an army able to fight the Sudanese. To quit the country before these things are done would involve one of three things—a relapse into anarchy and barbarism such as prevailed under Arabi; the conquest of the country by the savage and fanatical Sudanese, which would be a spectacle such as Europe has not witnessed since the fifth century—namely, the devastation of a large and flourishing and civilized province by a horde of savages; or the occupation of the country by some other European Power in place of the English. This European Power would probably be France. Turkey would like to occupy it, and maintains that she owns Egypt; but France would forestall Turkey. England, therefore, naturally says that if Egypt cannot stand alone, and some European government has to take charge of the country and defend it, she is herself the one to do it, as she is in possession already, and is making her occupation a civilizing process, and has a very strong commercial as well as political interest in the prosperity of the country.

The only European Power, barring Turkey, which objects to this view is France, for various reasons, of which the principal are: simple jealousy of England, and chagrin over Freycinet's refusal to join in the occupation when first proposed by England; remembrance of the large part played by Frenchmen and French capital in the making of the canal, and in the industrial development of Egypt generally; and sensitiveness about French supremacy in the Mediterranean. The result has been constant pressure from France on England during the past five years to get her to fulfil her pledges by evacuating, and increasing difficulty on the part of England in finding logical excuses for her refusal, and increasing doubts on the part of the English Liberals as to the wisdom of continued occupation. Is Egypt worth the risk of incurring French hostility? is a question which has of late been becoming more and more pro-

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minent in British politics. But the return question, Do you really propose to evacuate under French pressure—that is, to march out as the French march in?—is just as hard to answer. Even the most Radical stomach in England turns at this thought, for there can be no question that when the English go, the French must come in, or let the Sudanese hordes come down to Cairo and reduce the country to a howling waste.

This danger from the Sudan is making more and more impression on sober-minded British politicians. The volume just published giving Father Ohrwald's account of his 'Ten Years' Captivity in the Sudan' makes it clear that the fanatical, and, as the world now knows, extraordinarily martial population which now holds the country above Assuan, longs to take possession of Egypt by a Mussulman crusade, and fully believes in its power to do so if the English could be got out of the way. In spite of the crushing defeat inflicted on them in 1889 at Toski, they still threaten the frontier, and every year witnesses attacks on the Egyptian outposts which show that sleepless vigilance is still a condition of Egyptian security. The Egyptians have been moulded into very respectable troops by British officers, and they stand up against the Sudanese now in a way which would have been thought impossible immediately after the experience of Hicks Pasha and Baker Pasha in 1883-4. But nobody believes that they would maintain their fighting qualities without British leadership. In the very last affair, two or three weeks ago, they were badly cut up by a small force of the dervishes, and attack on a larger scale is among the every-day possibilities of the situation. The dervishes are poorly organized and armed, but their movements are swift, and intelligence from the desert in which they form for the attack is hard to get. They subsist on very little, and their desperate valor and strong expectation of Paradise make up for all defects of organization. In fact, Egypt cannot defend herself, and has never done so since the days of the Ptolemies.

It is plain that Lord Rosebery has, for the present at least, no question as to what England should do. He has given notice to the Khedive that he will stand no insubordination, and notice to France that if England is to leave before she herself thinks proper to do so, she must be expelled by force—a job which France is in no condition to undertake. On the other hand, the sober-minded commercial men in England are by no means satisfied with the situation. Egypt requires 3,000 English troops to-day, and may any day call for 10,000, and, in the present condition of Europe, French enmity is an unpleasant cloud on the diplomatic horizon. The *Economist*, which represents this class, puts the whole matter in a nutshell when it says:

"Meanwhile, the English are governing very well for the people, though not to the contentment of the governing class, and, as the *Economist* has always maintained, with an unrewarded expenditure of energy, and at the cost of an undue strain upon their strength, which is distinctly lowered both by the locking up of their troops and by the permanent hostility which the occupation excites in the French Foreign Office."

BLOWITZ ON JOURNALISM.

M. DE BLOWITZ, the well-known Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, discusses in the last number of the *Contemporary Review* the great question, "Can a young man be taught to become a journalist?" The reasons why he discusses it are two in number. One is, that the question "whether journalism can become 'a normal career' has always haunted, and, I may say, besieged," Blowitz himself. In this condition he cannot reasonably be expected to remain without a struggle to be free. The second reason is, that the absence of journalism from the category of "normal careers" constitutes, in the opinion of M. de Blowitz, "a strange anomaly, an effect tremendously out of proportion to its causes," and "a real danger for the future, which is daily becoming more impressive."

This "strange anomaly" and "real danger for the future" he describes as follows:

"Moreover, as I say, this state of things is daily becoming more impressive. From moment to moment the ranks of journalism are being augmented by the arrival of those who, having knocked vainly at other doors, think to enter there as into a career in which chance is the only master. Often those who have elsewhere seemed to fail come to journalism and succeed in it, as much to their own surprise as to that of others. By this I do not mean that these men were dried fruit, useless and incapable, who enter journalism only because they could do nothing else; nothing of the sort. I mean that for the most part they are men who have a feeling that they are superior to every normal or established disciplinary system, whom, in fact, discipline chafes, to whom the hierarchic or bureaucratic idea is an intolerable bugbear, who cannot make up their minds to follow another's lead along a path to be traced slowly step by step. They leave the slower and more regular professions to enter journalism, much as formerly mercenaries engaged themselves to this and that foreign army, quite willing to fight at random on the morrow against an enemy whose very existence, the night before, was unknown to them.

"Once become journalists, they change their newspaper, as formerly they changed their profession or career. They jump from grave to gay, from the political journal to the journal of satire; they become at will reporters, chroniclers, art critics, literary reviewers, not seeking in any way to study the course of events, the drift of the time, but, on the other hand, fitting all contemporary ideas and events to the measure of their own personal temperament, so that an event or problem, thus treated according to the fancy of a journalist, appears tragical or comic, without any sort of regard for its real character. Instead of describing it as it is, and establishing the principle which it illustrates, they scatter abroad confusion, and produce in the public mind a condition of uncertain kaleidoscopic eclecticism which is the negation of all really authoritative opinion, and the destroyer of all conviction. By the reciprocal action and reaction of journalist and reader, confusion of ideas becomes more and more marked, and so soon as this chance journalist creates a sort of special public, he becomes convinced of his own authority, elaborates into a doctrine the fancies at first only lightly thrown upon the paper, takes himself absolutely *au sérieux*, becomes at one and the same time his own temple, god, and prophet, and thus adds a capricious and false note to the general discord of chance human opinions."

He illustrates all this by the condition of French journalism, and then produces his remedy, in answer to the question, "Can a body of journalists be created whose professional education, established training, and certified aptitudes will reassure the [alarmed] public conscience?" Not only, says he, can this be done, but "it *must* be done," and he proceeds to show how.

He and six friends met and drew up a scheme of journalistic training, which was as follows: The youthful candidate is in the first place to have a "call" to be a journalist, the existence of which should be proved by his wishing to be a journalist. Having proved his "call," the youth is to produce the first regular degree given by the colleges of his country. He has also to show himself "seriously grounded in two languages besides his own." They then take complete possession of the wretched man for a period of five years, and they put him in the hands of professors "to teach him the history and literature of each of the historic divisions of Europe, to initiate him into the origin and tendencies of the spirit of his most remarkable contemporaries in every country," and also to give him a

"general idea of the political constitutions, the ethnological and climatic conditions, the products, the geographical situation, the means of communication, the armed forces, the budgets and public debts of every nation. He would be given the documents necessary for consultation. He would be taught to draw both landscapes and the human face. He would learn to box, to ride on horseback, and to use a revolver; but the science of arms, so called, would be rigorously interdicted, because a man obliged to support his arguments by weapons, or who indulges in personalities which place, so to speak, arms in the hands of his foes, is neither a journalist nor worthy to be one. Finally, such a pupil would undergo a graduating examination, and if he failed in any way to satisfy his instructors, he would remain another year; after which, for three years more, he would spend in succession some months at school or college in other lands, so that the remaining three years should be used up by his presence at foreign schools of journalism, and travel in countries where these schools are established, as well as in countries where they might not yet exist."

There is a good deal more of this sort of thing. At last the poor fellow, if he has survived, gets his journalistic certificate, but even then his troubles are not over, for after he begins to write he is to come under the eye of a "paper called the *Judge*, in each capital, edited by the most competent and authoritative hands, sustained by all, speaking in the name of all, written in a clear and pure style," the sole function of which would be to watch the graduates, and point out every morning the errors and blunders committed by them on the previous day; but they, of course, would not be permitted to answer back.

The article is very amusing reading as an illustration of the good Blowitz's estimate of himself, for there can hardly be a doubt that he thinks he would make a very good editor of the *Judge*. But it also reveals in a lamentable manner his want of constructive power, because he makes no arrangement for giving the

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journalist, after he has trained him, the quasi-monopoly which the members of other "normal professions" enjoy. The public, for instance, will as a rule only employ doctors who have a medical degree; can only employ lawyers who have been admitted to the bar, and will only listen to clergymen who have graduated from theological seminaries Therefore, M. de Blowitz should have provided that no newspapers should be permitted to circulate except those of the certificated editors, or have guaranteed in some way that the public would not listen to the young fellows who refused to accept the special instruction of the professors touching "the history and literature of each of the historic divisions of Europe," etc., etc., and revelled in ignorance of the "origin and tendencies of the spirit of their most remarkable contemporaries." If these abandoned persons got all the "sales," what use would the trained journalists be to mankind?

The fact is, that M. de Blowitz has prepared his curriculum for the wrong person. It is the newspaper reader and not the newspaper writer who will have to pass through it, if journalism is to be reformed on the Blowitz lines. There should be legislation providing that nobody should read newspapers until he had obtained a State certificate not only of fitness to receive the highest order of journalistic instruction, but of a positive and overmastering desire for it. This public once created, nobody need give himself any trouble about producing the right kind of journalists. The demand would produce them, just as Blowitz describes them, on horseback and armed with revolvers, and stuffed full of the humanities and all the "'ologies." Until the public is reformed as aforesaid, the bad journalists will, we fear, hold the market, and oppose their "fakes," "scoops," and "beats" with considerable success to the learned essays of the prigs whom Blowitz and his friends propose to let loose. They have as yet only one pupil, who is now on his travels and sends them in promising "reports" on the countries he visits, but Blowitz is silent touching the commercial value of them.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S WINTER EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January 10, 1893.

THE winter exhibition is the Royal Academy's atonement for the summer show. It still has last May's sins of incompetency to answer for, and again the Old Masters and the great English painters of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century have been pressed into service; again the result is a collection of no small interest.

The Academy may be hopelessly unjust where contemporary work is concerned; it can afford to be generous with the art of the past. This year, as usual, every nation is represented, and every school. In general character, the assortment of old masters offers no novel or unlooked-for features. It differs only in the particular examples which now give it chief distinction. What these are can be pointed out in a few words; but to me the most important section of the exhibition is that considered of least value, which represents three English artists, less well known, but with a more immediate relation to a recent art movement threatening to increase in influence every day. The three are Blake, Samuel Palmer, and Edward Calvert.

But, to begin with the old men, the Italian work is the least satisfactory. The primitives suffer from comparison with last year's display, when the Academy was used as showroom for the Dudley collection before its dispersal by auction. Color glows here in a little head of a boy by Bellini, character is stamped there upon a portrait by Piero della Francesca, but the authenticity of both these canvases is now being questioned by the critics, who would rather quarrel over the origin of a picture than enjoy its beauty. Of the later schools, the Venetian alone is to the fore in point of number, but the Giorgiones and Titians, the Tintorettos and Veroneses, leave one cold and sceptical. The one Italian who stands out, supreme and incomparable, is Moroni. His "Titian's Schoolmaster," as the portrait is called, has been loaned from the Duke of Sutherland's collection, and it is one of the painter's masterpieces, rivalling, if not excelling, the famous "Tailor" in the National Gallery. It is very simple in treatment and quiet in color. The elderly, gray-haired man is sitting, a book in his hand; his dress is black, relieved only by the white collar, and the background is gray; but in this gray there is marvellous depth and richness, just as in the pose and face there is strong individuality, and the whole composition has that distinction which none but Moroni himself, Velasquez, and one or two other masters have been able to impart to their portraits.

It seems almost too obvious a truth to add that of these few masters Rembrandt is among the most distinguished, and in the present exhibition he and some of the other Dutchmen, as well as the Flemings, have more justice done to them than the Italians. There are several fine portraits by Rembrandt, lent by the Queen, Earl Brownlow, the Glasgow Corporation, and Captain Holford. But more remarkable, because examples of subjects more rarely treated by him, are two Scriptural landscapes, one, especially beautiful in color, from Buckingham Palace, and a stunning study of a man in armor, as impressive in its solemnity as a whole as it is what, were he a modern, we should call clever in the rendering of the metal, its sheen and reflections. The Van Dycks are also unusually good, more particularly a "Burgomeister Triest" and an "Earl of Warwick," proofs of what a fashionable painter, the productions of whose studio too often savor of the commercial workshop, could do at his best. Two De Hooghes are interesting, as his work ever is, in showing his preoccupation, more than two hundred years ago, with the problems of light which now exercise artists; and an example of Terburg, his favorite model in her favorite fur-trimmed silken jacket, reminds one, but not so effectively as those in Berlin and Dresden, of his anticipation, in color scheme and arrangement, of Whistler. If I say that there are also an excellent Metsu, a delightful study of dogs' heads by Snyders—a relief after his regulation extravagant heap of fruits and game—and an opulently vulgar but tremendously skilful "Daughter of Herodias" by Rubens, I have completed the list of the work of foreign schools which calls for special attention.

The old masters among British painters are once more to be seen as is possible only in Great Britain. There are Sir Joshuas, Gainsboroughs, and Romneys, Constables, Turners, and Cromes, in addition to many of their lesser contemporaries. Most noteworthy of all is a superb Romney, with something more in it than the beauty he knew so well how to give his sitters. It is the portrait of "Lady Russell Holding up her Child to the Glass," but the subject has been made by him the excuse for a lovely composition and a lovelier scheme of color. The curves of the old-fashioned round glass are repeated in the Chippendale table upon which the child stands; the red in a somewhat too conventional curtain is carried out through all the shadows; but most delightful is the simple, straightforward manner in which the child, whose face is seen solely in its reflection in the glass, is modelled. One wonders how, with such a master to study, British painters of children could have degenerated to the level of Millais's Bubbles and Burton Barber's Mustard Pots. I will pass over the other Romneys and British work of the same and a somewhat later date, just mentioning John Frederick Lewis, whose water-colors are apt to be overrated, but who is seen to unexpected advantage in two oil-paintings of the Eastern subjects he affected; and I will come, without further delay, to the three men about whom the interest of the show centres.

Blake, like Rossetti, like Burne-Jones, is an exotic who holds a place apart in the history of art. He, too, was a poet, who was able to express his poetry with graver and brush in beautiful lines and color, but whose artistic knowledge was elementary, whose technique in paint was abominable. In his most successful efforts he was great, despite his shortcomings; in his failures he was irretrievably and disgracefully bad. But his worshippers, to whom his subjects and his mad symbolism have supplied reams of copy, cannot discriminate between the good and the atrocious. They accept all that he has been pleased to leave them as if his drawings did not present the same well-nigh unaccountable inequalities as his poetry. The lengths to which their blind worship has carried and still carries them should serve as warning to the faddists who just now will not listen to a word of criticism against Burne-Jones. Were it not for the notorious Academical indifference to art, one might think that the present collection of Blakes had been hung as a timely lesson. For if proof were needed to establish the folly of upholding him as a master, it could be had in the illustrations to the 'Divina Commedia,' to which Academicians have consecrated an entire room. These were the task of Blake's extreme old age. It is true that Gilchrist thinks they exhibit no symptoms of age or feebleness, that the power of mind and eye and hand is in no wise dimmed; true that Swinburne awards them a place of much prominence among the late labors of Blake. But I do not think there is an artist who would not declare them forlornly childish, better fitted for the waste-paper basket than the walls of an important gallery. In one or two is a faint suggestion of beauty in the lines of figures sweeping through space, in the decorative idea of the composition. But, as a rule, they are deplorably crude in drawing, while in them the horrible monsters of Dante's hell dwindle into mere nursery bugaboos or pantomime creations, and the color is that of a toy paintbox. Now that mysticism in art has come into fashion, there is danger of a revival of the Blake cult; it is well to be prepared by taking, at the outset, the common-sensible es-

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timate of his work, not only in its strength, but in its limitations.

There is as little question that Blake influenced Samuel Palmer as that the latter has been unduly and unwisely exalted by his admirers. He has fallen a victim to the zealous critics—those experts, as Whistler calls them, who are so careful and conscientious in "establishing, with due weight, unimportant reputations—discovering the picture, by the stain on the back; testing the torso, by the leg that is missing; filling folios, with doubts on the way of that limb; disputatious and dictatorial, concerning the birthplace of inferior persons; speculating, in much writing, upon the great worth of bad work." Palmer, it is the correct thing to say, offers you in his productions all that is most romantic in art. What one really finds is great straining after effect in subject and treatment, little observation, and no spontaneity. He was better qualified technically than Blake, but was without the latter's genuine poetic feeling. His water-colors refuse to be overlooked: the violent hues scream at you from across the room, but every time he has but the same trick of deep blue shadows and lurid skies, the same melodramatic device, to show you. His drawings are less offensive, chiefly because they are in black and white, but they are not the result of study of nature, and their archaic methods become the most aggressive affectation, though in fairness it should be admitted that, at this little game of sham primitiveness, he is far more accomplished and plausible than many of his modern successors.

Edward Calvert was a much bigger man than Palmer, even if his reputation be less widespread. Indeed, he is hardly known in his own country. Some of his designs have been, for the last year or two, on exhibition at the British Museum, but I fancy that his appearance now at the Royal Academy is his introduction to the majority of his countrymen. The fact is, he has not yet been discovered—he has not yet attracted the notice of those exploiters, "sombre of mien and wise with the wisdom of books, who frequent museums and burrow in crypts; collecting, comparing, compiling, classifying, contradicting," even if he be more worthy of the honor than Blake and Palmer. If I have named him with them, it is because his subjects, at least, are in sympathy with theirs to a certain extent. He, too, nominally sought his motives in an unreal world; but while Blake's inspiration was the supernatural, while Palmer tended to the theatrical, Calvert simply borrowed classical titles for his delightful arrangements of figures and landscapes which did not actually exist or come together in quite the same way in nature. His pastorals were Greek, his shepherds Arcadian, his gardens were consecrated to Cytherea, his groves sacred to Artemis. It is curious that in his engravings and black-and-white drawings, of which there are several examples, he is as affected and morbid as Palmer himself. The world would not be the loser had this part of his work been totally forgotten. It is in his painting that he must be studied. Nothing is more striking than the individuality of his style. The quiet key in which he works may at times recall Puvis de Chavannes; the way he puts in his little figures faintly suggests Monticelli; his composition may be likened to Mason's best designs; but the results he produces are not in the slightest degree similar to theirs. His charm is in the refinement of his methods rather than their vigor, in his decorative power and not his realism. In lovely low-toned landscapes or old marble temples, he places youths and maidens clothed in pale blue or crimson draperies, while in the distance goats, climbing a mountain path, tell white against the intense summer sky, or, on a high hillside, black cattle at pasture are silhouetted against the brilliant afterglow. Had Theocritus been a painter, he might have given us just such idyls and pastorals on canvas. One, the largest, oblong in shape, is more beautiful than the others. It is called "Arcadian Shepherds Moving their Flocks at Dawn," and, of all the Calverts I have seen, this is the masterpiece. His soft silvery grays are in harmony with the early morning hour; over the pale shadowy hills the white sheep make an unbroken curving line, and the observation of nature is just, as the decorative use made of it is perfect. Of course, during his lifetime, Calvert was unrecognized by the Royal Academy. On looking at this small group of about twenty of his pictures, one cannot but wish that he had been allowed such a legitimate channel for his undeniably great talents as Puvis has found in France, for example. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE CATHOLIC INDIAN SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Agreeing entirely with your conclusion as to the Indian schools, as expressed in your editorial entitled "The Government and Sectarian Schools," I yet venture to call attention to a fact which you perhaps have not sufficiently emphasized, namely, the reason why our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens are less willing than the Protestants to surrender Government support in their Indian schools. This is not merely because their schools are more numerous than all the Protestant schools put together, but because the public schools which it is proposed to substitute for them are not in all cases secular or undenominational schools, but are often actively and even aggressively Protestant. That this is the case must be plain to every one who will read the very valuable report of "The Tenth Annual Meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian," held in 1892, to which you refer. For instance, the Rev. James M. King, D.D., who made the main speech on "Sectarian Contract Schools," says frankly that the Catholics object to the Government schools "because they have the Protestant Bible and Gospel Hymns in them." He adds naïvely: "This is the essence of partisan politics"; and then goes on to exhibit his own conception of comprehensive politics by saying, "In this Columbian year it becomes us to remember that our civilization is not Latin, because God did not permit North America to be settled and controlled by that civilization" (p. 63). Can it be reasonably expected that any sincere Catholic will accept schools conducted in this antagonistic spirit as "non-sectarian" schools?

Mrs. A. S. Quinton, who followed Dr. King, went still further into particulars, and showed that some Government schools were already, to all intents and purposes, distinctively Protestant schools.

"The Church," she says, "will look after the religious schools, *and the religious culture in the Government schools.* [The italics are my own.] . . . . Among the Moquis, just coming down from their ledges in Arizona into civilized homes, a Government school is to-day illustrating the fact that Government schools are Christian schools by the presence of Christian teachers. Superintendent and Mrs. Collins are as distinctly Christian teachers *as you ever met with in any denominational school.* At the very first exhibition I attended at that school they came forward and recited the Golden Texts of three months; I do not know many white Sunday-schools where that could be done. Their hymns and recitations of Scripture were *just such as we should wish for our mission schools.*" (P. 67.)

After reading this, can any one doubt what Mrs. Quinton means by the Church's "looking after the religious culture in the Government schools"? In view of such descriptions, it does not seem strange that the Protestant sects should be willing to abandon their own separate schools—for why should they keep them up?—or that the Catholics should wish to retain theirs. The curious thing is, that those who believe in sustaining, at the public expense, what they themselves describe as being practically "mission schools," should still believe firmly that they themselves are unsectarian and that only the wicked Catholics are sectarian! Or rather, it would seem a curious thing, if a similar inconsistency had not existed in the older States for many years and only very gradually yielded to more liberal views. Horace Mann describes some of the Massachusetts public schools as being, in his day, as essentially sectarian as any Sunday-school; and I well remember when, during the Know-nothing excitement, a child was excluded from a Worcester public school under my charge—though against my protest—for refusing, under her father's direction, to read in the Protestant version of the Bible. If it has taken a long series of laws and rulings to establish religious freedom in the public schools even of Massachusetts, there is no reason why it should be born full-grown in the Indian Territory. There is certainly no evidence that it exists there now.

T. W. H.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE "AMERICAN SABBATH."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many of the arguments in favor of closing the Chicago World's Fair on Sunday which were presented before the House Committee at Washington last week, reflect perfectly the widespread confusion prevailing, even among intelligent persons, as to the claims of Sunday observance upon Christians. Indeed, it is not going too far to assert that the vast majority of American laymen at least still believe that the Mosaic commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," somehow enjoins the observance of Sunday. Half of them will scarcely believe that Sunday is not mentioned in the Bible at all.

The writings of the ante-Nicene Fathers show beyond controversy that in the early Church Sunday and the Sabbath were never confused. The Apostolical Constitutions (ii., 59; vii., 23), the Epistle of Barnabas (c. 15), Ignatius (To the Magnesians, c. 9), Irenæus (Against Heresies, iv., 8), Justin Martyr (First Apology, c. 67), and Tertullian (Against Marcion, iv., 12, and Against the Jews, 4), all distinguish carefully between the Sabbath and the Lord's Day. And, later, Augustine says (55th letter), "Of all the ten commandments, that relating to the Sabbath is the only one in which the thing commanded is typical. . . . We are not commanded to observe the day of the Sabbath literally by resting from bodily labors as it was observed by the Jews. . . . The Lord's Day, however, has been made known, not to the Jews, but to the Christians, by the resurrection of the Lord, and from him it began to have the festive character which is proper to it (*ex illo habere coepit festivitatem suam*)." Some of the Fathers, indeed, demand the observance of

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both Sunday and the Sabbath—a doctrine which the Synod of Laodicea (ca. 375) formally condemned; but not one of them grounds the obligation to keep Sunday on any text having reference to the Hebrew Sabbath. The Sabbatarian error first appears in the writings of Alcuin, and it never secured a firm foothold in either the doctrine or the practice of the pre-Reformation Church. Roman Catholicism to this day regards Sunday as a church day, like Good Friday or Assumption.

The doctrine of the Protestant Reformers was the same. Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, even Calvin (Institutes, bk. ii., c. 8, sect. 28-34), all protested, as have Continental Protestants from their day to ours, against the idea that Sunday was a Sabbath. In England, too, the dominical view of Sunday originally prevailed. Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, shortly before his martyrdom, declared Sunday a day ecclesiastically ordained and nothing more. The doctrine of the Church and the whole course of legislation in England down to the beginning of the seventeenth century bear witness to the same fact. Of English statute law regulating Sunday observance before the time of the Puritans there is little, and what there is commonly mentions Sunday in connection with other church holidays, and prescribes the same conduct, enforced by the same penalties, for them all. Sunday recreation is in no case forbidden. On the contrary, Sunday in ante-Puritan England was a favorite day for ceremonies and festivities. William Rufus, Henry I., Henry II., Richard I., Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III. were crowned of a Sunday. Fairs (being originally institutions of a half-sacred character) and markets commonly took place on a Sunday, and, as they frequently do in Germany to-day, either in the churchyard itself or in convenient proximity to the church where the buyers were assembled. Here, too, Sunday tournaments were held. And Sunday plays were acted, though in violation of the Canon Law, within the church itself. But, considerations of place apart, there was no reason why a play should not be acted on Sunday as well as on any other day. A glimpse of an English Sunday in 1573 is given in Thomas Cartwright's 'Reply to the Answer made of Dr. Whitgifte against the Admonition of Parliament' (Whitgift's Works, iii., 384):

"In all their [the churchmen's] order of service there is no edification according to the rule of the apostle, but confusion. They toss the psalms in most places like tennis-balls. The people, some standing, some walking, some talking, some reading, some praying by themselves, attend not to the minister. He again posteth over it as fast as he can gallop, for either he has two places to serve, or else there are some games to be played in the afternoon, as lying for the whetstone, heathenish dancing for the ring, a bear or a bull to be baited, or else jackanapes to ride on horseback, or an interlude to be played; and if no place else can be gotten it must be done in the church."

In the year 1595 appeared, under the title 'Sabbathum Veteris et Novi Testamenti,' a book written in English by Nicholas Bownde, whose doctrines were destined to work a great change in English Sunday observance. Bownde's almost forgotten book deserves to be reckoned among the most influential works ever printed. It formally advocated for the first time the doctrine of substantial identity between Sunday and the Sabbath which had begun to make itself felt among the Puritans. With Puritan skill in misinterpreting the Bible, and with Puritan rigor in applying his misinterpretations to life and conduct, Bownde argued the obligation of Christians to observe Sunday as the children of Israel were commanded to observe the Sabbath. The ground was prepared for the seed he sowed. The concurrent testimony of authorities so diverse as Heylyn, chaplain to Charles I., Thomas Rogers, writer of the preface to the Thirty-nine Articles, Thomas Fuller, and David Neal, the eulogistic historian of the Puritans, proves that Bownde's doctrine spread with unexampled rapidity. In the words of Heylyn, it "carried a fair face and show of piety," and soon became "the most betwitching error, the most popular deceit, that was ever set on foot in the Church of England." To call Sunday a "Christian Sabbath"—a *contradictio in adjecto*—and to keep it as if it were a Hebrew Sabbath, soon became the characteristic mark of a Puritan.

The Sabbatarian controversy was the first doctrinal strife that arose between the Church and the Puritans. Their previous discussions had turned entirely upon points of ritual or of church discipline. In 1599 Archbishop Whitgift ordered Bownde's book to be burned by the common hangman, and Lord Chief Justice Popham forbade the reprinting of it. None the less the Sabbatarian doctrine spread among the Puritans. Rogers tells us:

"It was preached in Oxfordshire that to do any servile work or business on the Lord's day is as great a sin as to kill a man, or to commit adultery. It was preached in Somersetshire that to throw a bowl on the Sabbath day is as great a sin as to kill a man. It was preached in Norfolk that to make a feast or a wedding dinner on the Lord's day is as great a sin as to kill a man. It was preached in Suffolk that to ring more bells than one upon the Lord's day to call the people unto the church is as great a sin as to commit murder."

By 1630, according to Green's estimate, nine-tenths of the English people were Puritans. About that time some churchmen and Catholics, who had not accepted Bownde's doctrine, appealed to the Crown, complaining that they were hindered in their accustomed and legal liberty of Sunday recreation by Puritan magistrates and neighbors. In 1632, Charles issued in response the famous and much-belied 'Book of Sports.' But neither the King nor the swarm of dominical writers who hastened to defend his deed, could stay the political tide which was sweeping Puritanism towards the Long Parliament and the Commonwealth. At the Restoration, Sabbatarianism occupied in the hearts of Englishmen, churchmen and Nonconformists, Britons and Americans alike, a position from which it has never been dislodged. Such, briefly sketched, is the history of the Puritan, alias the "American," Sabbath.

H.

JANUARY 16, 1893.

Notes.

THE Cassell Publishing Co. are about to issue a new edition of the works of William Hale White, author of 'Mark Rutherford' and translator of the 'Ethics' of Spinoza; 'On Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers,' by Kate Marsden; a 'Diary of the Salisbury Parliament, 1886-1892,' by Henry W. Lucy, with designs by Harry Furniss; a volume of essays by Zola, 'The Experimental Novel.'

Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish 'The Survivals of Christianity: Studies in the Theology of the Divine Immanence,' by Dr. Charles James Wood.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce 'Select Speeches of Daniel Webster,' edited with notes by Prof. A. J. George; and 'Select Masterpieces of the Middle Ages,' edited in modern German by Prof. Carla Wenckebach of Wellesley College.

Of the number of out-of-door books that have been left by the passing season, few have any distinction. The most consist of collected papers out of journals or magazines, and endeavor to combine the varied interests of the amateur in nature-observation and in sentiment and literature. Thoreau, the Nestor of this literary fashion, is represented by the fourth and perhaps the last of his posthumous "Seasons," 'Autumn' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), edited by H. G. O. Blake, and exhibits his qualities just as before. It is, possibly, unfortunate for his reputation that he has latterly been known by these successive issues of inferior work to the prejudice of his own "books." Mr. Bradford Torrey's 'Footpath Way' (the same publishers) is a true naturalist's book, and catalogues much of its author's painstaking observations on the birds and flowers of his New England haunts; but the more important papers have been noticed by us on their original appearance in the *Atlantic*, and nothing remains except to note the more permanent form in which they now appear. Dr. W. C. Prime's 'Along New England Roads' (Harpers) is collected from a correspondence of more than forty years in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and represents the countryside as it is seen from a carriage in drives that wind among or radiate from the Berkshire Hills. There is an infusion of human interest in the narrative that lends a genuine character to the rugged landscape and reinforces the spirit of the whole. Occasionally, too, one meets with a curious relic of history, as in the statement that the "smock marriage," or marriage *en chemise*, was celebrated in Vermont in 1789, under the theory that obtained in England, that such a ceremony relieved the husband of responsibility for the wife's debts before marriage. 'Field Farings: a Vagrant Chronicle of Earth and Sky,' by Martha McCulloch Williams (Harpers), is very closely confined to the sentiment of landscape, and on the whole renders nature in a very diluted color-wash, but with appreciation of the pleasures of the varying seasons to the eye and touch.

Mr. Richard Jefferies's 'Toilers of the Field' (Longmans) is much more than an out-of-door volume, though several of the papers it contains are only descriptions of the aspects of nature-change. All are collected papers, partly from early publications, partly from his last days, and the volume has the weakness of a posthumous work. The main part, however, is a study of the habits, condition, and character of the agricultural population in certain counties of England, and is of the highest interest and value to any one seeking competent information in respect to that class of laborers. The story is one, principally, of almost brutal life, with its slight alleviations of health and rough enjoyment, and occasionally a touch of charity. It is a shameful story, and sets forth the condition of life in which these people are born, and which their prayer-book teaches them to pray to be content with, with the fervor of a humane man and the frankness of an economist; and the horizon of misery is widened beyond "the London poor" to the state of a nation, so that one can infer what the lowest strata of toilers are in England at large. The volume is thus one more of the "documents" of the social system which are having silent effect in many quarters, and which help towards an understanding of the

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social movement in the minds of the comfortable classes here.

Whether Mr. Albee's 'Prose Idyls' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is to be reckoned as an out-of-door book may be doubtful, but it is not more doubtful than any other classification of it. The style is singularly affected, but the substance is perhaps more remote from anything natural in heaven or earth. "Having finished his morning's allotted task, the writer of beautiful books bethought him to walk awhile and cool his flagrant brain"—that is the mode of expression. If the curious latter-day form of literature known as "Pastels in Prose" had been practised by our grandfathers, one would have looked on these "idyls" as much belated "pastels," but they are rather premature than antiquated in their general suggestion. Some are meant to be satirical, some poetical, some didactic, but their predominant quality is "queerness"; they remind one of the "come-outer" genus, and bear perhaps a relation to the seminal days of transcendentalism. They belong with Emily Dickinson's verses—the "sports" of literary decadence.

In Mr. George H. Ellwanger's 'In Gold and Silver' (Appleton) three out of the four papers are devoted to out-of-doors; fox-hunting and trouting being the special tags on which the particolored threads of nature and sentiment are made to depend and compose into patterns of rhetorical device. The opening paper contains the praise of rugs, and in particular of one rug which should have come from the 'Arabian Nights.' The volume is prettily illustrated, and it is also published in a limited edition on Japan paper.

The thing that "scientific criticism" would be, could it get itself born, is illustrated by Joseph Jacobs's 'Tennyson's In Memoriam; an Appreciation and a Study' (London: David Nutt). The preface is a revised issue of the *Academy's* obituary notice of Tennyson, which shows how unfit the writer was to practise the method of "appreciation" which he calls the "Oxford" style; the remainder is on the "Cambridge" plan, of which his friend Prof. R. G. Moulton, now of Chicago, is the exemplar, and reduces the theory to practice with only *in extremis* for its period. A tabulation of the false rhymes, a chart of the argument, an identification of borrowed or suggested passages, a summary of what the poem tells us of Arthur Hallam, an inquiry as to the precise date of the several divisions, and similar matters compose the "study"; and when all this apparatus has been laboriously accumulated, that is the end. The poetry is left to take care of itself. If anatomy is psychology, this may be literary criticism; but, to our apprehension, it is mistaking the great poem for the paper it is printed on, and criticising it as a study in pulp.

Dr. Leon Kellner, already favorably known to students of English for the elaborate syntactical study prefixed to his edition of Caxton's 'Blanchardyn and Eglantine' (Early English Text Society, 1890), has recently published a short text-book called 'Historical Outlines of English Syntax' (Macmillan). The book is a genuine contribution to a neglected department of English philology, and ought to be useful not only to teachers of historical grammar, but to teachers of composition and rhetoric. The classification is sensible and not too subtle, the discussion of idioms is interesting and enlightening, and the examples are abundant and well chosen. In a treatise dealing with so difficult and complicated a subject, there are of course many propositions which are merely tentative, and these the author has not always distinguished from established facts; but in general the book is to be commended as careful and scientific. Perhaps Dr. Kellner is a little too fond of appealing to "psychology"; but much is to be forgiven the pioneer.

We are late in noticing 'Harper's Chicago and the World's Fair,' by Julian Ralph, a book written in a jaunty journalistic style and containing a good deal of information about what has been called "The White City," and the other which might, not unfairly, be called the black city. A great deal may be learned about the architecture and sculpture of the Fair from these pages, but, when they were written, the painting of the Fair was not yet in existence. It is a pity that the illustrations of the sculpture should deal so largely with the worst examples.

Place aux dames. After Mr. Hamerton's 'Man in Art' comes M. Marius Vachon's 'La Femme dans l'Art' (Paris: J. Rouam & Cie.; New York: J. W. Bouton). The book need not be taken very seriously as a contribution to art criticism, but it is a rather amusing compilation of all sorts of information about the artistic treatment of the female face and figure, from the Egyptians to modern times (though the French school is the only modern school discussed), and also about the famous women who have influenced the arts, either as patrons or models, and those who have achieved reputation as artists. It is a thick quarto, in paper covers, well printed, and illustrated with 400 cuts from various sources, some good, some bad, and most mediocre.

It seems sometimes as if the series of reprints from *L'Art* called "Les Artistes Célèbres" (Macmillan) would be better entitled "Les Artistes Obscurs," so often does it deal with second-rate talents. One of its latest issues is devoted to Les Hüet, and its wealth of illustrations fails to give any reason for occupying one's self with those mediocrities.

The twenty-second volume of M. Jusserand's excellent series of "Grands Écrivains Français" is the Life of J. J. Rousseau by M. Arthur Chuquet (Paris: Hachette; New York: F. W. Christern). In compacting a critical biography of Jean Jacques into 200 pages, M. Chuquet has achieved what is almost an impossibility. His success is due largely to his resolute refusal to argue controverted points. He sets forth the biography, first of all, in a chapter sixty-five pages long, relying on his own authority and wasting no space in discussion. In ten briefer chapters he considers Rousseau's chief works, and sums up his influence and his characteristics as a writer. His attitude is admiring, but sane, and his study of one of the most complicated figures in the history of French literature and one of the most interesting is an honest piece of work. The next volumes promised in the series are 'Mérimée,' by M. Auguste Filon, one of the clever critics of the *Revue Bleue*, and 'Alfred de Musset'—not by M. Jules Lemaitre, to whom it was at first assigned, but by the lady who signs herself Arvède Barine.

M. Ernest Legouvé bears his eighty years bravely. It is not so long ago that he published his delightful 'Soixante Ans de Souvenirs,' and but a year or so since he issued his plays in a uniform edition with prefaces. Now he has gathered into a volume called 'Épis et Bleuets' (Paris: Hetzel; New York: F. W. Christern) nearly a score of brief essays, most of them autobiographic, and all pleasant reading. Perhaps half of them have to do with the theatre in one form or another, and these are by far the most interesting. M. Legouvé tells us of the great comedian Régnier (whose pupil M. Coquelin was), and of his aiding Jules Sandeau in dramatizing "Mlle. de la Seiglière." He describes M. Delaunay, the eternal lover of the Comédie-Française; studies the successive typical servants of the stage; takes up one of the commonest accusations against his old collaborator, Scribe, and turns it into a eulogy, and utilizes one of the fables of La Fontaine to give a course of instruction in the art of reading aloud in a single lesson. The only fault to find with the book is the publisher's and not the author's: it is a stiff and ungainly volume, harsh with gilt edges, and padded with obviously extraneous illustrations.

The historical appendices to the Bulletins of the Boston Public Library are a recent innovation much to be commended. The January issue follows its list of magazines and other serial publications taken at the Library (filling thirteen pages) with facsimiles of two most interesting Revolutionary documents, viz., the original paroles of honor respectively of the British and the Hessian officers captured at Saratoga and first cantoned in Cambridge and vicinity, where the paroles were signed. The pieces are large, and have been very skilfully copied. Gen. Burgoyne heads the British, and Gen. Riedesel the Hessian list.

We have received the first number of *Ethische Kultur*, a weekly paper published in Berlin by F. Dümmler and edited by Prof. Georg von Gizycki, under the auspices of the German Society for Ethical Culture, yet not as its organ. No one could have been chosen to give expression to the spirit of that Society better qualified than Prof. Gizycki, whose writings are not unknown on this side of the water, and whose estimable character is in keeping with the highest moral and spiritual aspirations of the time. The special feature of this initial number, besides the editorial profession and Prof. Friedrich Jodl's definition of ethical culture, is the beginning of an authorized translation of W. Kingdon Clifford's 'Ethics of Belief,' by Lily von Kretschman. Moral tales, and biographical sketches of men eminent for moral worth, are a part of the intended miscellany of this journal.

Historical scholarship never, we believe, launched a more solid and scientific periodical than *Toscanelli*, whose prospectus we have already given, and of which the first number is before us (Florence: Loescher & Seeber). The cover bears a feeble design, but the typography is of a high order, and the paper of the best, while the contents (in French) augur invaluable contributions to our knowledge of Columbus and his contemporaries from hitherto inedited sources. The editor, G. Uzielli, has the laboring oar in this number, and by good right devotes himself chiefly to Toscanelli, for he is engaged upon a Life of this great precursor and prompter in the revival of geographical discovery. Vespucius receives the next largest share of attention. His family is illustrated by two new documents from the hand of his father, a notary, confirming the birth-year of the navigator as 1451, and proving that he was in Paris in 1478-1480 with a kinsman, Guido Antonio Vespucci, who was ambassador to the court of Louis XI., to seek assistance for Florence after the conspiracy of the Pazzi. Guidantonio's despatches are apparently in the handwriting of Amerigo, of which a facsimile from a newly found MS. is given in *Toscanelli;* hence it is inferred that the latter was an attaché of the embassy, which, says Sig. Uzielli, was certainly the origin of the chain of events that led up to the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. in 1494, and to the subsequent ruin of the Italian republics and of Florence in particular. Under "Nouvelles Diverses" we find con-

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temporary manuscript mention, of great importance, of the arrival at Florence in March, 1493, of the news of Columbus's discovery, by Pietro Parenti. But there is too much in *Toscanelli* to summarize. For Columbian studies it is indispensable.

In his *Mélusine* for November-December, 1892, M. Henri Gaidoz has a curious paper on the familiar Catholic image in which the Virgin is shown with her heart pierced with seven swords ("Notre-Dame des Sept Douleurs." He gives two broadsides having this representation—one modern, in color, such as are still hawked about in France, and one older (say two centuries), in which the disposition of the swords, radiating beyond the shoulders of the Virgin, connects this symbolism with that of the ancient Assyrian goddess of war, Istár, prototype also of Artemis and Diana. M. Gaidoz would have the copying very direct from some Assyrian cylinder, in the case of the Virgin, and he instances many appropriations of pagan cameos to Christian uses—a Jupiter for St. John, Athena and Poseidon for Adam and Eve, Venus for the Virgin, etc. The cult of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary is of French origin.

The Munich *Medicinische Wochenschrift* (No. 46) has a timely paper "On Cholera," by the eminent Bavarian epidemiologist, Prof. Dr. von Pettenkofer, with an account of his own experience in taking into his stomach a dose of bicarbonate of soda mixed with a strong and perfectly fresh "bouillon-culture," containing about a milliard of very lively comma-bacilli. His heroic experiment seems to prove quite conclusively that the mere presence of these bacilli in the human viscera is not sufficient to produce cholera, but that other pathogenic conditions are necessary to this result. The dreaded bacilli are comparatively harmless unless they are favored by a local and an individual predisposition to the disease. These factors are still, to a great degree, unknown quantities, to the investigation and determination of which epidemiologists should now devote their chief attention. Pettenkofer denies that cholera is contagious, and asserts that all measures based upon the theory that it is—such as quarantine and other methods of isolation—are not only perfectly futile, but positively pernicious. There is no epidemic against which individuals and communities can, by a rational system of sanitation, more effectually protect themselves than cholera; and nothing is more absurd than the panic with which otherwise intelligent persons are seized at every rumor of its approach.

The principal paper in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for December is an account of that still undeveloped part of the Brazilian State, San Paulo, watered by the River Parapanema. Its attractions for the settler appear to be a mild climate, sufficient rainfall, and a soil suited to the growth of vegetables, rice, corn, tobacco, cotton, sugar, and wine. It is urged, however, that the cultivation of coffee, to the exclusion of the food-products, should not prevail as in other parts of the State. The chief drawback is the presence of Indians, who oppose the intrusion of the whites in ways very similar to those of the natives of North America a century and a half ago. In this number the editor gives his usual summary of the geographical literature of the year. The total number of notices of works and important papers in the scientific journals is 1,170, as against 2,092 for the previous year. The loss is largely in works on Africa, which have fallen off from 542 to 166. More than a third of the whole number relate to Europe; Asia and America have 183 and 180 respectively, while Africa sinks to the fourth place.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for January opens with an account of a recent ride through Persia, of which the most noteworthy passage is that referring to the absorbing interest in Teheran in the question as to the "present relative strength of England and Russia." The other papers are on the physical conditions of the waters of the English Channel, and the distribution of aquatic plants and animals. In the latter, Mr. H. B. Guppy explains the great similarity of fresh-water flora and fauna, as compared with the diversity of terrestrial organisms, by the uniformity of the conditions in which they live. They are not affected, as are land plants and animals, by differences of "soil, humidity, nocturnal radiation, wind, and many of those complex agencies that give endless variety to climate and terrestrial life." In confirmation of this he cites the fact that the temperature of the Thames, one warm August day, varied only two degrees (64° to 66°), while the temperature of the air in the shade varied twenty-two degrees (50° to 72°). The obituary for 1892 contains notices of an unusual number of men distinguished for their services to geographical science, as Dr. H. W. Bellew, Gen. Sir Lewis Pelly, Col. Sir R. G. Sandeman, Capt. William G. Stairs, Prof. Freeman, John MacGregor, M. Henri Duveyrier, M. Paul Crampel, and M. Joseph Martin.

The recent discovery, at the Lick Observatory, of a new comet, through the agency of the sensitive plate, forms another striking instance of the service which photography renders to astronomy. On October 12, Mr. Barnard made an exposure, four hours twenty minutes in duration, on the Milky Way near Altair; and upon developing the plate an indistinct, darkish line or hazy trail made its appearance. The reality of it was subsequently verified by visual observation, this being the first comet ever discovered by photography. It will soon be vain for these oft-times elusive visitors in our solar system to attempt to escape the untiring photographic plate, when once a competent battery is exposed to the action of their light—frequently faint, and in this instance mainly actinic. Caught by such unimpeachable record, a comet may go its nebulous way and yet be for ever after a subject of study, though its path may never, perhaps, lie our way again.

—Students of sociology who recall the mention in these columns last December of the valuable original work in geology by Miss Florence Bascom, a pupil and assistant of Prof. George H. Williams of Johns Hopkins University, will be glad to know that it is officially admitted (not announced) by the University authorities that Miss Bascom will receive, at the annual commencement in June, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The woman whose good fortune it will be thus to secure practical equality for both sexes in the distribution of Johns Hopkins honors, is a daughter of Dr. John Bascom, at present acting Professor of Political Economy at Williams College, Massachusetts, and formerly President of the University of Wisconsin. It was at this co-educational institution that, between the years 1882 and 1887, Miss Bascom received her B.A., B.S., and M.A. degrees. After teaching for several years, in 1891 she, under careful and friendly advice, applied for permission to pursue the full course—lectures, laboratory, and outdoor work—of a graduate student in the geological department of Johns Hopkins. Both the Faculty and the Board of Trustees acted favorably on her application, but it was stipulated that Miss Bascom should not be enrolled as a student on the University register, should pay no tuition fees (which might inconveniently establish a precedent), and of course should not compete for any scholarship, fellowship, or other prizes, some of which rewards the previous character of her work showed to be easily within her reach. At the final examination in May, Miss Bascom will present for her doctor's theses some of the results of her original work during the past two years, which work has already secured for her the Faculty's unanimous endorsement, as being a "fit person for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy," and the Trustees' final authorization to "continue her studies leading up to a degree." The manner in which Yale and the University of Pennsylvania have offered women post-graduate instruction forms a suggestive contrast to that in which a University whose bold inception and early prime mark an era in educational evolution has provided a few select women students with advanced instruction. But although Johns Hopkins is still publicly in the attitude known in political circles as "hedging," she will chronologically distance her two rivals in the presentation of a Ph.D. degree to a woman.

—Capt. Willard Glazier's pretended discoveries at the head of the Mississippi aroused the Minnesota Historical Society, which has had a detailed survey and map made of the region about Lake Itasca, and an exhaustive summary prepared of the history and exploration of the great river. This work has been executed by Mr. J. V. Brower, and, as published, constitutes vol. vii. of the Minnesota Historical Collections ('The Mississippi River and its Source'). It is copiously illustrated with maps, portraits, and views. The principal map represents in considerable detail, on a scale of three inches to a mile, the region about the head of the river, from Lake Itasca southward to the summit of the divide. It shows the region to be composed of an alternation of irregular hills and marshes, and dotted with scores of small ponds, many of which have no apparent outlets. This region, half of which is under water, is drained into Lake Itasca by numerous water courses. Mr. Brower finds the ultimate source of the river to be in a partially enclosed basin containing many ponds, lying directly south of Lake Itasca, and distant from its head about three miles. For all practical and popular purposes, therefore, Lake Itasca may continue to be known as the source of the Mississippi. The history of the exploration is confined to that of the main river, as commonly accepted, and is full and even voluminous. Mr. Brower credits De Soto with the first discovery in 1541, and thus disagrees with most writers on the subject, who identify the Rio del Espiritu Santo, which appeared on the maps many years earlier, with the Mississippi. Considering the conditions of the case—among them the fact that earlier explorations had been effected by coasting along the shores, that the mouth of the Mississippi is, as seen from the Gulf, a very obscure feature, and that the Rio del Espiritu Santo is represented on these early maps as flowing, with other smaller streams, into a bay shaped not unlike that of Mobile—it seems probable that Mr. Brower has reached a correct conclusion. It may be added that Dr. Walter B. Scaife has recently published a similar conclusion in his 'America: Its Geographical History.' Another good result has followed from Capt. Glazier's geographical "raid," at least indirectly. The State of Minnesota has

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set apart the region about the head of the Mississippi as a State park.

—The unwary should be warned that Hannah Lynch's translation of Perrens's well-known 'History of Florence from 1434 to 1531' (vol. i., London: Methuen & Co.) is not a satisfactory English rendering. In fact, neither the publisher nor the translator deserves much credit for it. The latter does not often miss the general sense of the original, and sometimes her version is passable, but such passages as the following (which might easily be furnished by the dozen) show that her conception of English idiom is of the very slightest: "The tide brought back the Medici, and the ebb carried them away, until what time the spirit of liberty ceased to repel them, and they definitely took root upon this tortured *around* [*sic*], in the shadow of the imperial pikes and guns. Here again documents about for a long while past" (p. viii.). "It was plotted in Rome among two very distinct parties—Romans and Florentines" (p. 292). Exasperating, too, are the curious blunders in regard to proper names. In most cases in which Perrens courteously prefixed M(onsieur) to the names of contemporary Italian writers, the translator has followed his example. The unsuspecting reader finally begins to wonder why so many Italians had Christian names beginning with "M," and suddenly realizes that "M. Cipolla," for instance, stands for Sig. Cipolla. The translator's knowledge of Italian, moreover, must have been slender and easily confused by the French text before her, as the following errors (not a twentieth part of those which might be cited) will bear witness: Lorenzo de' Medicis (throughout), Rinaldo des Albizzi (throughout), Rinaldo de Albizzi (p. 23), Guarino de Vérona (p. 177), Giovanni de' Ravenna and Guarino de' Verona (p. 181), "balie" (p. 285). Nor is the proofreading above reproach. It is certainly unpleasant to read Italian history in bad English, especially when the proper names are a mixture of French, Italian, and English.

—We have received from J. W. Bouton a sumptuous volume, the first of five to be published by the Société de l'Art Français, under the title of 'La France Artistique et Monumentale.' The society has been formed, we are told in the introduction, to uphold the art of fine book-making, which has languished of late in the hands of publishers. Its protest against such a desertion has taken shape in this series of volumes on the great monuments of French art, edited and written by men who are distinguished in the literature of art. M. Henry Havard is the editor; the contributors are MM. Eugène Müntz, Louis Gonse, Ch. Yriarte, and others well known. It is not a work for the scholar, but for the cultivated amateur, and for him it is exceedingly well done. It shows us the churches of Rheims, whose cathedral, though marred like all others, remains perhaps the best type of the great thirteenth-century church; the church of Brou, more familiar in name than in form, and known to all readers of Matthew Arnold; the palace at Avignon, home of the Papal court during its "Babylonian exile," and alive with memories of Clement VI., of Petrarch, and of Rienzi; the Château of Pau, cradle of Henri IV.; the Park and Château of Versailles; the Hôtel Carnavelet, and the Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne. The story of these is told and their artistic aspect sketched with French clearness and animation. For the second volume are promised the Louvre, the Châteaux of Amboise and Fontainebleau, Mont St. Michel, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the civic buildings of Angers. The book-making is the very best—a paper only too heavy (two hundred pages making a volume nearly two inches thick), and a page distinguished by a happy proportion of letterpress, leading, and margin. The full-page heliogravures and the woodcuts in the text are as fine as modern art can make them. We have not seen any better presentation of so difficult an interior than that of the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles, or a more charming out-door view than that of the fountain of France Triumphant in the garden; nor have we seen mediæval sculpture, whether of figures or of architectural detail, more beautifully rendered in a way than in the cuts after M. Boudier, for instance, on pages 2, 15, and 17.

—The death of Albert Delpit, which occurred at Paris on the 4th instant, calls for some brief notice, not so much on account of any great literary eminence which he achieved as for certain half-personal reasons. He was an American by birth, and his work was better known here than that of some other novelists of the same rank, inasmuch as a great part of it had the advantage of appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Delpit was born at New Orleans on January 30, 1849. He went to France when he was about ten years old, and received his education at the Lycée of Bordeaux. Almost immediately upon his graduation he began to write, chiefly in the reviews founded by the elder Dumas, whose Secretary he was for a time. Soon after the war of 1870, in which he had fought bravely and won the cross of the Legion of Honor, he published his first poem, "Les Chants de l'Invasion," which received from the Academy a Montyon prize. Later in life he was given the Vitet prize for the *ensemble* of his work. He wrote a dozen or more novels and nearly as many plays, but achieved no very striking success save in "Le Fils de Coralie," which may be said to have made his reputation as a dramatic author. Delpit was always more or less of the school of Dumas. At least, it was action that he loved rather than analysis or reflection, and his mind was in no degree sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought of the psychologists. And yet he was not without sympathy with younger men and schools, as was shown by his fierce polemic with Brunetière over the question of Baudelaire's bust, in consequence of which he left the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was of a fiery temper in private as well as public life, and two of his duels—with M. de Borda and with M. Alphonse Daudet—are still remembered.

—Some months ago we adverted briefly to Mr. Charles Johnston's study of the races of northeastern India, in which region he claims to have discovered, with much besides which is curious, that a very considerable element of the population is unmistakably Indo-Chinese. In the January number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* Mr. Johnston prosecutes the record of his novel researches in a paper entitled "The Yellow Men of India." Of these he finds three centres. The first is in Kooch Behar, a part of the northeast of Lower Bengal; the second is in the Santal Parganahs; and the third is in the northern half of the Eastern Ghats, a section of the Madras Presidency. As to physical peculiarities, language, religion, and customs, the inhabitants of these three regions exhibit a very close family likeness; and they are also, in common, diligent and skilful cultivators of the soil. Those among them who dwell nearest to the Hindus by whom they are surrounded, have become more or less assimilated, in various respects, to their neighbors; but the bulk of them are, in all probability, much what their ancestors were several thousand years in the past. And in the kindred of those ancestors, long ago converted to Brahmanism, Mr. Johnston is confident that he sees the original Vaiçyas, one division of the *ârya-vâcho dasyavah* of Manu, "men of non-Aryan race, speaking Aryan tongues." For further particulars we must refer to the essay, of which we have been obliged to content ourselves with stating meagrely the bare conclusions. The factual grounds on which those conclusions are based, and likewise the minute characterizations given of the "Yellow Men," are instructive reading. For instance, we are told that the unalloyed natives of Kooch Behar are so far gone as gynecocrats that all their property is vested in the women. Again, among the Savaras of the Eastern Ghats, a wife may leave her husband whenever she pleases, and the husband is powerless to prevent her from doing so—a great improvement, in point of expeditiousness, on divorce courts.

WOODBERRY'S SHELLEY.—I.

The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. The Text newly collated and revised, and edited with a Memoir and Notes, by George Edward Woodberry. Centenary Edition. In four volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

A NEW edition of Shelley would not necessarily deserve more mention than a description of the paper and typography with which it is issued; but the work which is here announced presupposes the labor of years, and, in some sense, the preparation of a lifetime. It is, perhaps, the rarest sort of tribute which a man of letters can lay upon the monument of a great genius; for it represents an amount of painstaking drudgery in details which few can understand and appreciate, and which can be lightened and illuminated only by a special loyalty and devotion. This solace and pleasure undoubtedly Mr. Woodberry has felt in the course of his labors. If any one now living has a right to undertake the care of an edition that is worthy of the poet, Mr. Woodberry may claim that right; for he adds to the research and accuracy of editors like Rossetti and Forman and Dowden the delicate sympathy and insight of a mind which belongs to Shelley's own spiritual family.

Shelley was born on the 4th of August, 1792. In January, 1822, he wrote to Hunt, "My faculties are torpid and shaken to atoms; and if 'Adonais' had no success and excited no interest, what incentive can I have to write?" The scorn and indignation which the 'Adonais' expressed for the tribe of critics was not felt entirely on behalf of Keats, genuine and generous as was the sympathy of Shelley. In that lament he confesses that "in another's fate he wept his own." The generation which adored Byron and admired Moore's melodies was not quite ready for Shelley—there was no one to listen to his piping; he had fallen on evil days, and had prepared for himself a repute which he was far from deserving. Hence it was that towards the close of his short life he could write the melancholy lines we have quoted. He never felt the warm and vivifying sunshine of fame in which Browning and Tennyson spent most of their days. He never could have anticipated that, before the century was out, his works were to be treated as classics, the fragments which he had slighted or flung aside would be carefully gathered together, and ela-

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borate editions, in which every word and rhyme of his were weighed, would be published in rapid succession. The bread for which he starved is now laid by pilgrims every day upon his grave; his memory it is which keeps the warder's bell tinkling all day long at the gate of the green cemetery below the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

If Shelley has now attained the rank of a classic, he reminds us of the Greek and Latin classics in this respect, that his text has needed editing more than that of any of his contemporaries. He was not careless in composing; but he wrote at a white heat, and he published immediately. His works were for the most part printed at a distance from the author, and carelessly printed. Revision, when it was undertaken in later editions, proceeded under difficulties. Hence an unusual number of passages which are doubtful or obscure in grammar or in meaning; hence, too, unusual opportunity and necessity for the functions of the editor. Mr. Woodberry's intention has been to "summarize the labors of more than half a century on Shelley's text, and on his biography so far as his biography is bound up with the text." He has besides made use of all the original sources that were accessible; and among these he offers, for the first time in an edition of Shelley, the variorum readings of the Harvard College manuscripts, which he had already edited in a separate publication. He adds, from the printed books in the collection of Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn, an interesting paragraph restored to the preface of 'Hellas'; and in the Notes, some extracts from unpublished letters of Shelley. His object has been to furnish the general reader with a complete and authentic text, and the student with a view of its sources, variations, and emendations. The Notes, derived from the letters and from Mrs. Shelley's introduction, supply the history of each poem. For these various purposes, it is fair to say that no other edition can be matched with Mr. Woodberry's. Mr. Rossetti, while performing for the first time the services of a careful editor, took some liberties in his revision and emendations. Mr. Forman's work represents a reaction against these and a more literal adherence to the originals, an adherence which Mr. Woodberry does not always support in matters of punctuation or of spelling. Such spellings as knarled, desart, and extacy—such archaisms as eyne and treen, except so far as they made rhyme—were freaks of no significance and of no poetic value, in which Shelley's own usage varied. On the other hand, Mr. Woodberry has judged it no part of his editorial functions to correct grammatical errors (except in rare and obvious cases), nor to make or adopt metrical corrections. In these points, which involve the idiosyncrasy of the poet, he has been very wisely more conservative than his predecessors, while his choice of readings shows a trained judgment and a delicate ear for his author's subtle melodies. And hence he is willing to leave Shelley to himself in cases where Rossetti and Forman have thought it necessary to amend the metre. Here is one instance from the 'Prometheus Unbound' (Act II., scene v., 95):

> "Realms where the air we breathe is love
> Which in the winds on the waves doth move,"

where Forman and Dowden insert *and* after *winds;* on this Mr. Woodberry remarks: "The emendation corrects a faultless line merely to make it agree with stanzaic structure, and, like all metrical emendations in a poet so accustomed to irregular and original melody as Shelley, is open to the gravest doubt." The same principle leads him to retain, in the fourth act,

> "Purple and azure, white, green, and golden,"

where again Forman and Dowden tame the line to rule by inserting *and* before *green;* and again in the little poem to the Aziola, Mr. Woodberry is satisfied with

> "music
> Unlike, and far sweeter than all,"

where Forman would double *far*, to produce a mathematically accurate line. These are a few samples of Mr. Woodberry's fidelity and of his fitness for his task, which, indeed, requires a craftsman's ear for rhythm. In this matter Shelley was not only a law unto himself, but a teacher of melodies to others of his guild. He discovered new sources of rhythm and music in a language which Spenser had already moulded to the poet's use.

The complete conspectus of various readings in the foot-notes and at the close of each volume furnishes the student and lover of Shelley with all the apparatus he can desire. The taste which governed the editor's work is shown in such notes as that on the lines from "Evening —Ponte al Mare, Pisa"—

> "The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
> By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
> Like mountain over mountain huddled"—

where our editor reverts to Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1839, and defends *enormous* against *cinereous* of the Boscombe MS., adopted by Rossetti, Forman, and Dowden. The variation of a single manuscript, he urges, does not prove that it was the poet's deliberate choice, while *cinereous* simply adds a trait of color, instead of the cumulative effect of mass to which the description has been ascending, and for which the epithet *enormous* prepares the way.

The brief memoir condenses skilfully the immense mass of material that has accumulated with reference to Shelley's life and character, and traces his personal history, with justice, albeit with those gentle touches which may be expected from a friend who is a literary artist. It is quite right that this should be so. Mr. Woodberry has little room for comment or discussion, but he sets forth all the facts in an order which is very favorable to his subject. He paints a portrait that is slightly idealized, and he gives his sitter the benefit of every doubt, of every softened light and shade. He might as well confess that he is in love with that fascinating face which looks from the title-page; and really this is the best attitude for the biographer. He does not forget his good sense, as Prof. Dowden sometimes does in his most laborious and valuable biography; he has none of Prof. Dowden's *Schwärmerei* of manner; yet he is not very far from his conclusions. To our mind it is easy to draw from Prof. Dowden's facts a different set of impressions. The weakest spot in Shelley's character is, plainly, in his relations to women. "The excess of ideality in him," says Mr. Woodberry, "disturbed his judgment of women." This is surely a very tender way of summing up his illusions and disillusions from Miss Hitchener down to Emilia Viviani; in these matters he lost his head for the time, he said, and acted absurdities. He found in feminine friendships, intimate and platonic, that freshness of inspiration, that renovation of emotional experience, which is so valuable to the poet and so trying often to the poet's wife. He was no sensualist, however. The only part of his career which is open to serious criticism is that which has to do with his first marriage, and the fate of his first wife, Harriet Westbrook.

The facts of that tragedy would seem to be a sufficient commentary on Shelley's theory of marriage, and to require no further moralizing. One would think that all would agree frankly that in his youth he committed one great error which is largely atoned for by the rest of his life. One would think it superfluous to prove that it was an error, and superfluous to preach from such a text. The singular fact, however, is that Shelley himself never professed any contrition for this fault; in his letter to his second wife, written immediately after the suicide, he apparently lays the blame on the Westbrook family and their treatment of Harriet. In a letter to Southey, written much later, he solemnly exonerates himself from any share whatever in the blame. The denial is striking, but it really only shows the state of mind he himself had reached. The readers of Harriet Westbrook's latest letters to Mrs. Nugent (published in the *Nation* June 6 and 13, 1889) will not agree with him; they will not agree with his remark, quoted by Mr. Woodberry, "that she had a heart of stone." In an earlier mood he could write to Hogg of his married life, "I am the happiest of the happy"; and to Godwin, "My wife is the partner of my thoughts and feelings"; and to Sir James Lawrence, "Love seems inclined to stay in the prison." It might have stayed in the prison all his life long, we believe, under a more fortunate star. We cannot agree with Mr. Woodberry's inference when he writes, on the testimony of Hogg: "On the birth of her child her intellectual sympathy with him seems to have ended. Afterwards she neither read nor studied." As if the last word were said of a girl of eighteen who had just become a mother; as if, indeed, Hogg does not refute himself immediately by offering us a letter in which Harriet expresses some sentiments that are really charming in their artless nobility.

The fact is undoubtedly that the Westbrook family were vulgar and scheming; that Eliza Westbrook was a meddler and a mischief-maker in Shelley's household. It is quite clear, on the other hand, to any one who reads Harriet Westbrook's letters, that she was far from sharing either the vulgarity or the sordid designs of her family. "She was," as that cool observer Peacock says, "well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good; and her whole aspect and demeanor such manifest emanations of a pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly." She was, in short, what Shelley wrote of Mrs. Williams, "an extremely pretty and gentle woman, apparently not *very* clever. I like her very much." He continued to like Mrs. Williams, and addressed to her his best love poems. He might well have continued to love his first wife. Apart from the mischievous influence of her sister, she had, as women go and as society is made, some reason for coldness and for jealousy of her husband's philandering with the Hitcheners and the Boinvilles. The household tangle required commonplace virtues for its unravelling—commonplace constancy, patience, and firmness—firmness to rout the intruder, patience to retrieve the affection of his young wife. Firmness and patience, for this emergency, Shelley did not possess, or did not choose to exercise. "He disdained to struggle with the sinister influence of his mother-in-law" (says Mrs. Shelley, who thus transforms Eliza Westbrook, in her novel of 'Lodore'), "he did not endeavor to discipline and invigorate the facile disposition of his bride. . . . He yielded her up at once to the world and to her parent." This is exactly true; and yet

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many a plain man has found lasting happiness in precisely the course of conduct which Shelley disdained. This much, we think, must be admitted, by all who have followed the history of Harriet Westbrook, that, while she had her husband's love, she resisted and scorned temptation; and if she had retained it, she would not have found occasion, in her desolation of heart, to go astray and to yield to that weakness for suicide which she so often professed.

This much must be admitted against Shelley, that he had a roving fancy, that he had given his wife occasion for coldness, that he dropped her of his own free will, led by another passion, and finally that he had no ground of unfaithfulness against her. The true and valid defence against this black list of errors is his youth, and the fact that he did not accept the binding character of the marriage contract. It is a great deal to say for him, that if he had accepted the ordinary view of marriage, he would certainly have avoided this ugly blot upon his life, for he was truly conscientious in carrying out his principles. Yet it was a sight for Mephistopheles to smile at—this young moralist and reformer following, with some misgivings, the phantom of duty and of a great social principle down the flowery paths of desire; and it is a touch of Sophoclean irony and pathos when we read in Harriet Shelley's artless letters to Mrs. Nugent, "Godwin's children were to come to us; *but our evil genius has stepped in and forbid that happiness*"; and again, "We have seen the Godwins. Need I tell you that I love them all?" She was no mate for Shelley. Possibly not. Where, indeed, could he find his mate? Not even in Mary Godwin herself—not even in the author of 'Frankenstein.' Even with her, Mr. Woodberry can speak of Shelley's loneliness, of misunderstandings, and can write: "It is plain that he felt a lack of perfect sympathy between them; a certain coldness and something like fault-finding with him because of his persistent difference from the world and its ways. He was pained by this and made solitary." And Mr. Woodberry fancies that the fault was Lady Shelley's, and so interprets those tender self-reproaches with which every good woman torments herself over the irrevocable. May we remind Mr. Woodberry that not with impunity did Semele wed an immortal?

DODGE'S CÆSAR.

Cæsar: A History of the Art of War among the Romans down to the End of the Roman Empire, with a detailed account of the Campaigns of Caius Julius Cæsar. With 258 illustrations, consisting of maps, plans of battles, cuts of armor, etc. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U. S. A., retired. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. xx., 790.

THIS is the third in Col. Dodge's series of Great Captains, the preceding ones, on Alexander and Hannibal, having already taken established rank among English histories of ancient wars. The author has adhered to his original plan of making each work illustrative of an epoch in the progress of the military art. A brief concluding chapter gives a sketch of the Roman Army organization and methods after Cæsar's time, but the work is distinctively a critical history of Cæsar's campaigns. These are considered with reference to the permanent problems of strategy and tactics, judging Cæsar's grade as a commander by modern standards.

Col. Dodge enlivens his criticisms by occasional reference to similar situations in our civil war. The constant practice of throwing up field fortifications at each change of position of an army in campaign, which was developed in the latter half of our great struggle, had such striking points of resemblance to the Roman method that a comparison could hardly be omitted in any current study of the great Roman general. It led in both cases to defensive tactics in actual conflict, associated with aggressive strategy on the larger theatre of operations. The advantages and disadvantages were essentially the same in ancient campaigns as now; but the method was both then and now an evolution from the existing circumstances, including the organization of armies, the character of the men in the ranks, the nature of the weapons and armor in use, and the physical features of the country. Change any of these and the system must be modified.

The recent archæological researches begun in France by Napoleon III., and so admirably carried out and narrated by Col. Stoffel, have made the study of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns incomparably more instructive than ever before. We are enabled in most cases to identify the fields of battle, and in many to trace the lines of encampment and measure the very ditch and rampart over which the combatants made their attack or defence. The topography of a field is made plain to us, and we pass from hill to hill, or follow a charge down a slope, with a satisfactory comprehension of the reasons which determined the time and place of the manœuvre. We have not such full assistance in the later campaigns of Africa and of Spain, for the aid of Cæsar's own matchless commentaries is wanting, and we are made to realize how much less misleading is the natural egotism of a great man than the loose and incompetent descriptions of an inferior historian.

Col. Dodge has made full use of all modern aids in research, and, as in the case of Hannibal's wars, has made personal inspection of the ground. He is able to make the creditable boast that, with the exception of Col. Stoffel, he is the "only writer on this subject who has followed Cæsar entirely around the Mediterranean basin." Having done this intelligently and industriously, with a mind prepared for the work by war service in our own campaigns when pick-axe and shovel were used as only Cæsar had used them, Col. Dodge was exceptionally well fitted to give freshness to the old story, and to make the soldier of to-day understand and profit by the double task of fighting and of digging which the great Roman imposed upon his legionaries.

In his general estimate of Cæsar as a soldier, the author feels and fully states the wonderful equipoise of qualities which made the Roman not only great, but in some ways "the foremost man of all the world." When Col. Dodge analyzes particular campaigns or battles, he criticises freely, as is his right, but he seems sometimes to give too little weight to the reflection that Cæsar's choice of means and methods of itself raises a probability that the choice was wise. With all the industry we are capable of, we cannot perfectly reconstruct the situation in which he found himself or the reasons that weighed heaviest in his decisions. While, therefore, the critic is quite right in showing the apparent flaws in the great man's judgment, the shrewdest critic may well express himself with hesitation when he doubts the conduct of such a captain. Col. Dodge sums up two elements of Cæsar's military character by saying he was "by turns Quixotically bold and a very Fabius for lack of tactical enterprise." He carries the favors of fortune, for which the great Roman was proverbial, beyond even the popular estimate when he says Fortune "saved him a thousand times when his schemes deserved to come to naught," and that "foolhardiness which in others Fortune would leave to the punishment which ought to follow, in Cæsar she would favor." Indeed, "foolhardiness" is so often attributed to him that the iteration comes to jar upon the reader's nerves, and to force upon us the reflection that it should read *hero-hardiness*, since it was usually out of a case of apparent desperation that Cæsar wrought his most brilliant results.

The truth seems to be that Cæsar was so conscious of his ability to handle an inferior army more rapidly and ably than any opponent he met, that he felt fully justified in venturing with a smaller force into what looked like a *cul de sac*. He saw the points of the game with lightning quickness, and when he seemed to be sacrificing everything, like Morphy at chess, he had only lured his antagonist to his ruin. Why didn't Pompey overwhelm him at Dyrrachium? Because he was not quick enough. Was Cæsar then wrong in calculating on Pompey's hesitation and his own speed? Not a bit. Why was he not destroyed by Ptolemy's army at Alexandria? Because he knew how to fortify himself in a quarter of the city where he could laugh at his enemies and wait till his reinforcements came. Was it only because the goddess had become his slave? No, it was simply that he himself was a terrible combination of brains and courage. For such a man risks were only stimulant, like mountain air to his lungs; but his intellect was still so calm that he never took a single ounce of risk more than he could carry; that, and not "luck," was the reason why he always triumphed.

But we are told his battle tactics were often as weak as his strategy was strong. We know, however, that nobody could show more nobly than he the physical hardiness of the common soldier. "The day he overcame the Nervii" he carried and defended the standard himself where javelins flew thickest and sword-strokes were heaviest. So at Thapsus; so at Munda. On all these occasions he turned the tide by his personal example and valor. When, then, he manœuvred for position and delayed to join battle, we are not authorized to call it lack of enterprise or timidity. We are rather incited to inquire what were the circumstances which made such a master hesitate. The answer seems to be found in the results of the Roman system of discipline and tactics. If his opponent would accept battle only when an entrenched camp was close at his back, behind the parapet of which he could easily retire; if, again, Roman legion against Roman legion, the firm line with interlocked shields and strong helmets could fight three, four, and even five hours, hand to hand, without decisive advantage, as was not infrequently the case, this hustling and crowding and striking, with an expenditure of strength and of wind as great as if each man were continuously swinging a blacksmith's forehammer, reduced the combatants to a physical condition where one might truly say it was a matter of luck which should outlast the other. Here brains did not count, or counted for little, and the great man might well regard this as a last resort, to be accepted only when every strategic manœuvre had been tried and every device to make his adversary attack had been exhausted. Lee learned this lesson in the summer of 1864. Was he the less a general for learning it, and would he have been wiser to continue his tactics of 1862-'63?

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The Roman tactics of this period gave the defence a great advantage. Barbaric Germans or Gauls, not understanding it, could be lured into charging up the hill and coming blown and staggering before the waiting legions which hurled their javelins and charged down the slope fresh and strong. The Romans themselves knew better than to put themselves at such a disadvantage, and it was only once in a while that they were exasperated to a point where the line clamored to be allowed to attack, and then Cæsar knew how to double their zeal by great show of yielding only to their hot-headedness.

The system itself had gone to its limit, and on any given battle-field of this sort the great advantage was with the defence; for an army could circle around its enclosed camp on a summit, and face in any direction, much more speedily than could the attacking party move on the outer curve. The oblique attack was practically out of the question, and an attack by wings or concentrically simply resulted in an assault upon the enclosed fort to which the defenders retired. It was time for a new invention; but we can hardly hold Cæsar responsible for not inventing gunpowder. His hesitation, then, was not timidity, nor lack of tactical knowledge, nor epilepsy—it was only thorough self-command, the mastery of his intellect over his own soul.

The book is most abundantly furnished with sketch maps printed in the text, and with one large folding map of the Roman world. The sketch maps are a great help to the reader and most conveniently placed, and yet one would be glad to have two or three maps of provinces in a more careful style of cartography, even if some of those now given were exchanged for them. The cuts of armor and weapons and of ancient war-engines are excellent and authentic. The frontispiece is a photogravure of the bust of Cæsar in the Museum of Naples. Several wood-cuts from other portrait busts are also given. The volume is every way creditable to the publishers as well as to the author.

Genoa the Superb: The City of Columbus. By Virginia W. Johnson. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Genoa, having held for more than two thousand years an important position among Italian cities, has a history well worth studying, apart from its connection with Columbus, which, on account of the fourth centenary of his birth, has attracted a momentary attention to this great centre of commerce. Miss Johnson undertakes to tell us of the people who have lived in this city of palaces, what its conditions of life are in our nineteenth century, and especially how the traveller from the western hemisphere feels impressed by what remains of its glorious past and what exists of its busy commercial aspect. Her book is, however, chiefly made up of her own highly colored sentimental impressions, interspersed with many interesting facts which have come in her way, and some of which she has culled from the best authors. The table of contents, divided as it is into four sections—Root, Stem, Flower, and Fruit—beguiles one with the expectation of some order of sequence having been observed; but we soon find that these divisions are merely fantastical, and that Miss Johnson follows an impressionist method, describing what she sees from the point of view of an ardent observer of local color, carrying us back to the past on the wings of her reverie, and diverting us with a little history, poetry, and art, according to the flight of her fancy. No wonder, then, that in her introduction she condemns as out of fashion any precise reference to her authorities, and contents herself with mentioning the standard works from which she has derived her information. Her readers, on their part, are too thankful to be now and then relieved from her gushing and hysterical flow of impressions by any consecutive narrative to be "difficult" as to its authenticity.

Of picturesque description there is no lack, and for this there is every temptation in the extreme beauty of the surroundings of Genoa. Our author remarks that Petrarch's words, which we quote, are as appropriate now as then:

"I see in Genoa not only a city of fine aspect facing the sea, filled with precious temples, high moles, and splendid palaces, but I marvel to behold the town surrounded by such suburbs. No coast is more beautiful and odoriferous than the Ligurian shore, which extends to the confines of France. On one and the other Riviera, in fact, the sweet chestnut flowers on the slopes of the mountains, on the hills the always green olive, on the strand the sacred palm and the suave orange; and between rock and rock rise painted loggie and gilded domes. The gifts of Ceres are neglected, but the wines of Monterosso and of Corniglia are superior to that of Falerno, and the fruit of Pallas grows in the limpid Gulf of Luni more abundantly than in the Piræus."

Miss Johnson evolves "brain pictures" from her coign of vantage, a balcony on a fourth story, while gazing down on Genoa in the moonlight, and gives us a bird's-eye view of its architectural features. She describes a children's masquerade party going on at a Jew banker's in a palace opposite, and guides us to the monument to Christopher Columbus erected by Charles Albert of Savoy at the instigation of Pius IX. She discourses, again, of saints and sanctuaries and deserted cloisters; most interesting, because less known, being her account of the Irish monk Columban (not to be confounded with St. Columba of Iona), who founded the monastery of Bobbia above La Trebia, between the mountains of Genoa and Piacenza, with a hospital attached to it. Of Genoa itself and its relations with Rome, its independence as a republic, its commerce, its transactions with the East, Miss Johnson gives us at intervals some data, along with descriptions of the palaces, churches, and picture-galleries of the city; but unfortunately her method is rather to remind those who know than to inform those who read to learn. Her fantastic habit of finding resemblances between flowers and people is certainly devoid of sense. Her chapter on "The Royal Asphodel," for instance, treats of the Emperor Frederick II., whom she compares, without any reason, to this plant. "He was the asphodelia of the Maremma [!] among Italian rulers, attaining a vigorous growth of power with the delicate blossoms of refined tastes and pursuits, and that rank sap of being drawn from the embittered sources of human wisdom and worldly cynicism. What do we really know of the actual character of this stately Emperor? Little or nothing." All through the book there is an abuse of mystic phrases, of attempts at fine writing, and, what is still more irritating, an incessant asking questions of the reader that cannot possibly be answered. One is tempted to retaliate by asking, Might it not be better for our author to make up her mind on certain knotty points before writing her book? The continual mixing in petty events of actual life passing before her eyes while she is narrating some important historic fact is also a quality not to be commended. She has no sense of the relative importance of things.

We will close our criticism by quoting an example of useless questions and vain imaginings from the story of the origin of the Doria family, who have for so many centuries held so prominent a position in Genoa:

"Ardoino, a count of Narbonne, once visited Genoa en route for Jerusalem, after the manner of French gentlemen of his day. He lodged at the house of a 'gentildonna,' a widow of the house of Della Volta, who had two daughters, and one was named Orizia or Oria. We are not vouchsafed satisfactory explanation of the circumstance. Was it a patriarchal phase of hospitality in fashion that the widow received the stranger into her domestic circle? Did he bring letters of introduction from his native France which led to the step? Was she an ambitious matron, with marriageable and dowerless daughters and designs on an eligible suitor? The guest fell ill, and was tenderly nursed by the ladies of the family. Is there no romance in history? The Frenchman recovered, but, during convalescence, at least began to experience an attachment for the fair Oria. Whether the patient was treated or not by a leech as learned as Master Simon of Genoa, who took journeys to distant lands in the interests of botany, and in Candia made the acquaintance of an old woman learned in simples, who accompanied him up the slopes of Mount Ida, we are not informed. Whether or not a monk renowned for his sanctity was induced to quit the laboratory of some monastery of the town, and bring to the couch of the sufferer the golden and white ointments, the cordials and unguents, the herbs of magical properties, hellebore and pimpernel for melancholy, and absinthe and tarragon for fevers, we may only conjecture. Cupid seems to have been the chief doctor on the occasion. Did Oria mingle a subtle love-philtre with the drink of the sick man, secretly obtained from a wizard or a witch famous in her quarter of the town, and thus weave a spell about his awakening senses? Was any other potion necessary to quicken the current of his blood and awaken fresh hopes in his heart than her own captivating presence? Was she beautiful, this Oria? The cavalier was a Frenchman, and we must infer she possessed bright eyes, the bloom of early youth, or some especial grace of tact and distinction of manner," etc., etc.

La Littérature Russe: Notices et extraits des principaux auteurs depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours. Par Louis Leger. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.

Prof. Leger is already well known as the author of a dozen works upon the Russians and other Slavic races, and it is only a matter of surprise that he should not have earlier turned his attention to the preparation of a text-book on Russian literature. As he remarks in his preface, there does not yet exist in France a history of Russian literature which is worthy of the name. But it is somewhat singular that he should omit all mention of the very satisfactory volume published in 1874 by C. Courrière, entitled 'La Littérature Contemporaine en Russie,' though he cites half-a-dozen fragmentary collections of Russian writings, ranging in date from 1800 to 1861. Prof. Leger, after a very summary preface intended to furnish the links between the selections that follow, and which contains a just tribute to the Russian language, "that harmonious and supple language, one of the finest tongues which have ever sounded on human lips," begins his review with the Metropolitan Hilarion, whose writings date from the eleventh century. Prof. Leger's method is precisely that of a compendium of literature, and possesses all the merits and all the defects of that method. A brief statement of the dates and facts connected with each author is followed by extracts from his work. Some of these M. Leger has translated himself; others he has taken from the translations of other men, with due acknowledgment.

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The novelty of his work is contained in the first 110 pages, that is to say, in that part which treats of literature down to the beginning of what may be called contemporary literature, under Catharine II. The authors whose writings are reproduced have previously figured in works of this sort merely as names, and their writings have not received much more than honorable mention. Many a curious page was indited during the eight centuries which had elapsed since the dawn of learning in Russia, and it is well that the public should be given a taste of their quality in this form. But the student who wishes to get a clear view of the development of literary models and styles under the influence of the political and social conditions, must have recourse to Courrière's book which we have mentioned above. In fact, the two volumes should be consulted together, not separately. What each lacks during this period down to Catharine II. the other supplies. During the modern period, it must be confessed that Prof. Leger has not improved upon his predecessor, Courrière. He contents himself with the very great writers, and those who rank just below them. He makes no mention of very many who are adequately noticed by Courrière, and to whose names, characteristics, and qualities the student requires introduction, if he takes the author's advice and acquires Russian for the sake of reading the originals. It is possible that he will make additions if he ever carries out the intention which he expresses in his Preface, to return to the subject. But, with his catalogue method, his work can never be as satisfactory to the foreign student as is that of Courrière, who makes cause and effect clear, presents a finished picture of Russian literature, and gives an even greater number of popular authors than Prof. Leger without neglecting the giants. Among the curiosities which the latter has selected as illustrating the ideas of the last century are extracts from the writings of Von Vizin, the father of Russian drama, which describe his impressions of France and Frenchmen. It is amusing to find the Russian traveller making upon the French the same criticisms for their barbarism, deceit, and sharpness in bargaining which it is the fashion to hurl at Russians during the present century.

In making the above unfavorable comparisons, we do not mean to have it understood that Prof. Leger's book is otherwise than good, in its way, and desirable for all students of Russian literature. There exists an almost insurmountable difficulty in dealing with the literature of Russia before Catharine II.'s day, because of its rigidly national and religious character, and because of its voluminousness. Any book which should do full justice to that epoch, in description, cataloguing, and presentation of representative extracts, would be so overloaded with matter before arriving at the point where popular interest begins that it would be rejected by all publishers. Consequently, Prof. Leger has abridged as much as possible and with much judgment. M. Courrière solved the difficulty in the opposite way, by treating the old writers and their works as pure history, and giving very few examples of their productions, but with good results as to consecutiveness and interest.

The Noble Science: A Few General Ideas on Fox Hunting. By F. P. Delmé-Radcliffe. A new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged by W. C. Blew, M.A. London: John C. Nimmo.

NONE of the British sports—except, perhaps, racing—has been followed at such cost of time and money as hunting, and certainly none has contributed so greatly to the vigor and physical soundness of the English country gentleman. As the famous Mr. Jorrocks says, "It's the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger." It is calculated that the 330 packs of hounds in the United Kingdom are followed by 33,000 hunting-men and 99,000 horses, and that hunting causes the annual circulation of about £4,500,000. This large sum yields healthful amusement to a large number of the leisure class, and is the occasional recreation of many whose lives are mainly devoted to hard work. Lord Wellington, it is said, found time, during the active military operations of his Peninsular campaigns, to enjoy following the hounds, and there is no learned or sacred profession in Britain that has not furnished noted performers in the chase. Among the best-known treatises on hunting, one, written by the Rev. W. B. Daniell, forms an important part of his 'British Rural Sports.' Somervile, Beckford, Vyner, and many others have put forth able books on the subject, and Leech gathered his choicest laurels in depicting the scenes and incidents of the field. The half-dozen novels by Surtees which this theme has inspired are of high rank, and may be considered among the best stories of English rural life and character apart from their bearing on the "noble science." The book under notice has been through four editions, the first in 1839, and is meant, with its copious notes, to bring the details and minutiæ of hunting up to the present day.

The introduction is a sketch of the Hertfordshire Hunt, which took its rise in the last century, when the Marchioness of Salisbury, grandmother to the present Marquis, not only kept the hounds, but hunted them for many years, gaining the name of the hardest rider in the field. The management and characteristics of hounds occupy two chapters, and their breeding and treatment may now be said to have reached the stage of an exact science. Mr. Hugo Meynell, the Leicestershire squire whose name is revered by every fox-hunter, and whose grotesque portrait is to be seen at page 16, when he first went into the country he made famous never took out fewer than one hundred couples of hounds. He found, however, after a time, that this great number proved a useless encumbrance, and the model pack now is eighteen to twenty-six couples matched in speed and stanchness. Of a typical bitch he owned, Baneful, Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe says: "To see her swimming a river at the head of the pack, throwing her tongue at every stroke, is, to use a quaint expression of Boxall's, 'enough to make the dead leap from their graves to look at her.'" The proper care of hounds is indeed a discouraging subject to attempt to compass. They are more delicate than human beings, or even fine horses, and, from birth, require the most assiduous attention to their feeding and "walks," *i. e.*, the various farms where they are kept after weaning, until at ten months of age they are put into kennel to prepare for the real business of life. The puppies are likely to be decimated by distemper, their dispositions ruined, or their proper growth and development stunted by want of care on their walks, and withal Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe says that if the master is disposed to be fastidious, there is not more than one in five of the young hounds submitted for inspection as they come to the kennels that will be accepted. Those rejected are killed or otherwise disposed of. After this culling has been done, there is a further rejection of hounds that develop with use various vices and weaknesses, so that the formation of a first-class pack is a work of great trouble and expense. The feeding, exercising, and care of them are hardly less so. One recommendation made would seem rather hard to carry out, namely: as soon as the pack is in kennel after returning from hunting, before being fed, every hound should be immersed in a warm bath of pot liquor; the temperature of which is kept up by continual supplies from the boiling-house. "The advantage of pot liquor over hot water is, that it induces the hounds to lick themselves all over, and the healing properties of a dog's tongue are far superior to any other application for wounds or sores." There are many other interesting instructions as to the "system of kennel" which want of space forbids our noticing.

The chapters on horses and riding to hounds are excellent, and full of useful information even to those who do not hunt. The author is strongly of the opinion that the better bred a horse is, the more manageable as well as the more lasting he is generally found; and that the thoroughbred is naturally the most intelligent and temperate of all horses. Of course, there are exceptions to this, which are all the more noticeable from the fact that the tempers of thoroughbreds are very likely to be spoiled by the training to which most of them are subjected in testing their capacity for racing. The proper training of the horses for the hunting season is a task of time and ability, and is dwelt upon at length. In fact, there is scarcely a point in the care and preparation of horses and hounds and their use in the field that is not carefully and thoroughly considered. One of the recipes given as a specific for the dangers of overreaching, in which not only the fore shoe is torn off by the hind one, but severe wounds are often inflicted on the fore foot, and the horse sometimes thrown, is as follows: "The overreach being caused by the inside edge of the hind shoe, this edge, as well as the outer one, should be well bevelled off, so that the toe of the hind shoe should present only a blunt convex surface." Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe says that during the seven years he had taken this precaution he had not one case of overreach, while before then they were of frequent occurrence. He also advocates the use in all stables of salt-water bandages on the legs of horses in work, wetting them frequently, for the preservation of good legs and the freshening of stale ones.

A story is told (p. 87) showing the partiality of the cloth to the "science" which may be introduced. The Rev. Robert Lowth was being talked over by some of his clerical brethren in presence of his diocesan, and, after his sporting propensities had been thoroughly discussed, it was stated by one of the clergy that he was actually going to ride a match at the county races. "Is he, indeed?" said the amiable old Bishop. "Then I'll bet half a crown he wins." There is also much timely advice to those about to hunt on riding to hounds, and on "hands," that most important element in a good horseman, which is often said to be entirely a gift of nature—like "the hand of a cook for crust"—though the editor thinks good "hands" are to a great extent capable of being acquired.

The book concludes with the biographies of three distinguished heroes of the hunting field—Mr. Hugo Meynell, Mr. C. Loraine Smith, and Mr. John Truman Villebois. It is illustrated with ten hand-colored steel engravings and numerous excellent wood-cuts. It carries throughout its entire contents the spirit of the sport it describes so well, and one feels sure after reading it that the author, to recur to

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Mr. Jorrocks, knew well how to "make the foxes cry, Capevi." His readers will heartily join him in the well-known hunting toast on the frontispiece, "Floreat scientia."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, J. H. Life of D. Hayes Agnew. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co. $2.50.
Allen, Grant. Blood Royal. Cassell. 50 cents.
Arnold, Sir Edwin. Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife. A Play in Four Acts. Scribners. $1.50.
Arthur, William. The Tongue of Fire; or, The True Power of Christianity. Harpers.
Beecher, Rev. H. W. Bible Studies. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Beeching, H. C. A Paradise of English Poetry. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6.
Biographies of Eminent Persons, reprinted from the London *Times*. Macmillan. $1.25.
Bonsal, Stephen, Jr. Morocco As It Is. Harpers.
Botume, Elizabeth H. First Days amongst the Contrabands. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Brett, R. B. Footprints of Statesmen during the Eighteenth Century in England. Macmillan. $1.75.
Campbell, Helen. In Foreign Kitchens. Boston: Roberts Bros. 50 cents.
Carpenter, Edward. From Adam's Peak to Elephanta: Sketches in Ceylon and India. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Cassidy, P. S. The Borrowed Bride: A Fairy Love Legend of Donegal. Holt Bros.
Chambers, C. Haddon. Thumb-Nail Sketches of Australian Life. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.
Clarke, J. I. C. Malmorda: A Metrical Romance. Putnams. 75 cents.
Cole, Elbert. A New Curriculum. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Crump, C. G. The Longer Prose Works of Walter Savage Landor. Vol. I. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Dare, Arline. Both Were Mistaken. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Darwin, Francis. Charles Darwin: His Life told in an Autobiographical Chapter and in a Selected Series of his Published Letters. Appletons.
Davenport, B. R. The Crime of Caste in Our Country. Philadelphia: Keystone Publishing Co. $1.50.
Davis, Prof. N. K. Elements of Deductive Logic. Harpers.
Densmore, Emmet. How Nature Cures: A New System of Hygiene. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Stillman & Co. $2.
Diehl, Charles. Excursions in Greece to Recently Explored Sites of Classical Interest. London: H. Grevel & Co.; New York: B. Westermann & Co.
Dixie, Lady Florence. Gloriana; or, The Revolution of 1900. Standard Publishing Co.
Dodge, W. P. Three Greek Tales. G. M. Allen Co.
Dod's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland for 1893, including all the Titled Classes. London: Whittaker; New York: Macmillan. $3.75.
Drummond, Henry. The City without a Church. James Pott & Co. 35 cents.
Duffy, Bella. The Tuscan Republics. [Story of the Nations.] Putnams. $1.50.
Embden, Baron Ludwig von. The Family Life of Heinrich Heine. Cassell. $1.50.
Farmer, John. Hymns and Chorales for Schools and Colleges. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Fitzmaurice-Kelly, J. The Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Macmillan.
Forrest, G. W. The Administration of Warren Hastings, 1772–1785. Calcutta: Government Printing Office.
Gale, N. R. A Country Muse. New Series. Putnams. $1.
Geary, Nevill. The Law of Marriage and Family Relations. *London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan.* $3.
Gilliat, J. R. V. The Loyalty of Langstreth. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins & Co.
Gracian, Balthasar. The Art of Worldly Wisdom. Macmillan. $1.
Gratry, Prof. A. Guide to the Knowledge of God: A Study of the Chief Theodicies. Boston: Roberts Bros. $3.
Griswold, Hattie Tyng. Fencing with Shadows. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins & Co.
Gröber, Gustav. Grundriss der Romanischen Philologie. Band II. Abteilung 1. Lieferung 1. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner.
Hamerton, P. G. Drawing and Engraving: A Brief Exposition of Technical Principles and Practice. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $7.
Havard, Henry. La France Artistique et Monumentale. Tome premier. Paris: Librairie Illustrée; New York: J. W. Bouton.
Heyse, Paul. L'Arrabbiata. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Hiram Golf's Religion; or, "Shoemaker by the Grace of God." E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents.
How a Woman Earned $25,000. St. Louis: Anna C. Reifsnider Co. 50 cents.
Hunter, Sir W. W. A Brief History of the Indian Peoples. 20th ed., revised. Oxford: Clarendon Press: New York: Macmillan. 60 cents.
Huntington, Rev. W. R. A Short History of the Book of Common Prayer. Whittaker. $1.
Hurst, Rev. J. F. Short History of the Christian Church. Harpers.
Jones, H. A. The Crusaders: An Original Comedy of Modern London Life. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Kitchen, D. B. Dumas's Evasion du Duc de Beaufort. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cents.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XXXIII. Leighton—Llwelyn. Macmillan. $3.75.
Lees, James. A Complete Guide to the Game of Draughts. F. Warne & Co. 50 cents.
Leland, C. G. Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Traditions. Scribners. $5.50.
Lewis, Mrs. Harriet. The Haunted Husband. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Lilly, W. S. The Great Enigma. Appletons.
Lodge, Oliver. Pioneers of Science. Illustrated. Macmillan. $2.50.
Loring, C. W. Nullification; Secession. Webster's Argument. Putnams. $1.
Lubbock, Sir John. A Contribution to Our Knowledge of Seedlings. 2 vols. Appletons.
Lucy, H. W. A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament. Illustrated. Cassell. $5.
Lyttleton, Rev. E. Mothers and Sons; or, Problems in the Home Training of Boys. Macmillan. $1.
Mackinnon, James. Culture in Early Scotland. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: Putnams. $3.
Mahan, Capt. A. T., U. S. N. The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire, 1793—1812. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.
Marshall, Emma. New Relations: A Story for Girls. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
McGuckin, W. G. Whist Nuggets. Putnams. $1.
Morton, Frank. Self-Accused. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Muir, Alan. Lady Beauty. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
New Pocket Atlas. Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Palgrave, R. H. I. Dictionary of Political Economy Fourth Part. Concourse—Debts. Macmillan. $1.
Parmele, Mary. The Evolution of an Empire: A Brief Historical Sketch of Germany. W. B. Harrison.
Picturesque Chicago and Guide to the World's Fair. Baltimore: R. H. Woodward & Co.
Ropes, J. C. The Campaign of Waterloo: A Military History. Scribners. $2.50.
Ropes, J. C. An Atlas of the Campaign of Waterloo. Scribners. $5.
Ross, Albert. Thy Neighbor's Wife. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Scott, W. F. The Story of a Cavalry Regiment (Fourth Iowa Veteran Volunteers). Putnams. $3.50.
Shadwell, C. L. The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri: An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. Macmillan. $4.
Skeel, Adelaide. My Three-legged Story Teller. Philadelphia: R. C. Hartranft.
Smetham, Sarah, and Davies, William. Letters of James Smetham. With an Introductory Memoir. Macmillan. $1.50.
Smith, G. Barnett. History of the English Parliament, together with an Account of the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland. 2 vols. Ward, Locke, Bowden & Co.
Song Budget Music Series. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.
Southworth, Mrs. E. D. E. N. "Em." Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Southworth, Mrs. E. D. E. N. "Em's" Husband. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Spears, J. R. Illustrated Sketches of Death Valley and Other Borax Deserts of the Pacific Coast. Rand, McNally & Co.
Starrett, Helen E. Letters to a Little Girl. Chicago: Searle & Gorton. $1.25.
St. Nicholas, 1892. Vol. XIX. Two parts. The Century Co.
Stokes, Prof. G. T. The Acts of the Apostles. Vol. II. [The Expositor's Bible.] Armstrong. $1.50.
Sumichrast, Prof. F. C. de. Sand's La Mare au Diable. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cents.
Sweet, H. A Manual of Current Shorthand. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Sweet, Henry. A Short Historical English Grammar. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Whitby, Miss Beatrice. In the Suntime of Her Youth. Appletons. $1.

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